...e 5th Amendment
...ecoming a Menace?
—SEE PAGE 362

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APRIL 19, 1966

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

FROM BRITAIN:

WHAT DOES THE ELECTION MEAN?

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

DO THEY SUPPORT US IN VIETNAM?

JAMES FLETCHER

Keeping up with the Caballeros

PETER CRUMPET

Also In This Issue:

GARRY WILLS ON OPTIMISM AND THE OPTIMISTS ♦ JEFFREY HART TALKS ABOUT KEATS ♦ E. v. K-L ADMIRES THE GI IN VIETNAM ♦ ALSO BUCKLEY, BURNHAM, RICKENBACKER, HAROLD O. J. BROWN

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In This Issue . . .

➔ We look at Britain to see if Britain is looking at us. The meaning of Harold Wilson's victory is assessed by **Anthony Lejeune,** our political correspondent in London. . . . He is flanked by **James Fletcher,** a young Virginia-born American professor now studying at Oxford, who reports on changing British attitudes towards the war in Vietnam. Mr. Fletcher has written for J. J. Kilpatrick's *Richmond News-Leader,* and claims to have been the only member of the University of Virginia English faculty, besides Hugh Kenner, who voted for Goldwater. . . . **Michael MacDougall,** a nationally known numismatist and writer of a syndicated column on gambling and related subjects, recounts how the Russians are still coining it in on Czar Nicholas II. . . . **Park Chamberlain,** the author of the challenging article on p. 362, is a California attorney who practices in Los Altos. Between 1958 and 1963 he broadcast a regular commentary for radio station KPFA on matters of civil liberties, politics and economics; the present article is compiled from many controversial scripts. . . . **Garry Wills,** of Johns Hopkins, poses a series of teasers: who can sound like Emile Coué, Dale Carnegie, Norman Vincent Peale and Pitirim Sorokin, and still stay on every intellectual's reading list? (Surprised? For Heaven's sake, don't give it away.) . . . **Peter Crumpet,** *más madrileño que los madrileños,* makes a welcome return to these pages with an account of some epistolary ping pong in Madrid. . . . Villefranche and Nice may not be what they were in '29, when **Alec Waugh** began going there to write and relax; all the more reason to return and return again.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** meditates on why Arnold Forster wouldn't shake hands with John Rousselot. . . . Writing from Paris, where the air in the *supermarché* is *climatisé,* **James Burnham** wonders if the official anti-Americanism of the French isn't really a form of self-punishment. . . . Traveling in Southeast Asia, **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** saw action in Vietnam, and was so encouraged by the U.S. military operation there that he reports "for the first time a genuine feeling of regret" at not being part of it. . . . **Russell Kirk** writes about the *juste milieu* theory of politics, which sought "middlingness" in all things, and about some of its present-day adherents.

➔ **Harold O. J. Brown** is impressed by the charity and calm of a new and important book on "the cocktail theologians." Mr. Brown, a minister of the Congregationalist Church, is completing his studies in Vienna. . . . On leave from the English Department at Dartmouth, **Jeffrey Hart** pronounces Keats "the only Romantic who will really do." . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** takes up every economist in sight and puts down 'most every one. Mr. Rickenbacker's own book, *Wooden Nickels: The Story of Silver,* will be published by Arlington House on April 20. . . . **Richard M. Hodgens** has not only an eye for movies but an ear for dialogue, and swears he heard "Like a snake that sheds its skin, Frank Fane, I'm getting rid of you." ➔

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LETTERS

The Times

Congratulations to the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW for their continuing analysis of the portsided editorial slants of the *New York Times* under the guise of straight news reporting. The China "experts" and Frances Knight [*NR*, April 5] are but the most recent episodes in a distressing history of its efforts in propagandizing Liberal causes.

New York, N.Y. EDWARD K. HOBBY

Robert M. Schuchman

In the mid-1950s, when a lonely few of us banded together to form the Robert A. Taft Club at Queens College, it was with no romantic notion of winning over an implacably hostile campus to our conservative views. Rather, we challenged the Liberal orthodoxy because it was in our nature to rebel. . . . To those of us who knew the late Bob Schuchman well, the purpose of his intellectual play was clear. It was the bright, deceiving side of his seriousness, the defense he fashioned to protect his convictions in a world that, for the most part, scorned them or cared about nothing. He cared deeply about his cause, and assessed its immediate prospects more realistically than the ideologues who mistrusted him. He knew that Liberalism had little to fear from a solemn conservatism, but it trembled at the thought of being laughed at.

New York, N.Y. RICHARD J. WHALEN

New York Police

James McFadden's brilliant analysis of the plight of New York policemen [April 5] underscores an alarming trend in present-day politics. This is the complete readiness of major political aspirants to exchange the safety of the community for bloc votes.

It is time for citizens who value their lives as well as their property to raise a ruckus. The latest official outrage should send shivers up the spine of every New Yorker. Having thoroughly demoralized the current police complement, the Lindsay administration plans now to train school drop-outs for future policemen.

Bronx, N.Y. EDWARD T. WELCH

Clinton on Osborne

Congratulations on the extraordinarily perceptive and brilliantly written essay by Farley Clinton on John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence* [April 5]. The essay causes me to revive a Chinese proverb only to revise it: Farley Clinton's essay is more illuminating on the contemporary English scene than a thousand volumes by Liberal historians.

THEOPHILUS E. M. BOLL
College Hall
University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pa.

Fascists on the Right?

It pains me to see the normally cautious James Burnham leaping recklessly into a Liberal trap. He says [April 5], "The universal Liberal preference for an enemy on the Right thus reinforced the Atlantic motives for intervening in a European war in which the fight could be against Nazis and fascists." As a man of the Right, I resent having Nazis and fascists tucked into bed with me. The Nazis were, as R. R. Richardson recently pointed out in an excellent letter in the *Times*, "National *Socialists*," not National Libertarians. Those of us who have consistently defended American liberty by opposing Mussolini *and* Hitler *and* their ideosiblings Stalin *and* Mao can only wince at Burnham's unfortunate lapse into the rhetoric of the opposition.

New York, N.Y. FIELDING HOBART

Inflation or Deflation?

Your editorial "Inflation?" [March 22] was a stimulating analysis of the present seeming contradictions in fiscal affairs. It is refreshing that the writer refrained from the temptation to label all budget deficits as inflationary. Conservative rhetoric has a tendency to label wage increases and deficits as inflationary with the same unthinking reflex action as a sportswriter labeling Sandy Koufax as "hard-throwing."

However, I cannot accept the statement that there was "a palpable deflation during 1965." There are various definitions of inflation and deflation. Some involve only velocity or volume of money and others are related solely to direction of price movements. Whatever definition one accepts, it is hard to see 1965 as a deflationary year. The Wholesale Price Index of 2200 commodities grew at the fastest rate in late 1965 that it has since the Korean War. Business loans by New York banks far outpaced the growth in profits and/or sales. The growth in consumer credit outran the expansion in GNP.

The writer cites the decline in bond prices as evidence of deflation. Yet money is merely a commodity, and bond prices have declined because money has been more expensive to obtain. As yields on short-term investments rose, bond prices dropped. Declining bond prices are evidence of deflation only if the escaping capital is invested in gold—which is, unfortunately, illegal—or abroad, which is becoming nearly a crime. The paucity of cash is evidenced by the fact that total cash resources of U.S. corporations are now lower than they were 18 months ago, although the volume of business that cash must finance is up about seven per cent.

Since the present boom began, consumer debt has increased at a rate fifty per cent more than the growth in GNP. Business capital spending is at an annual rate nearly double that of 1961. Where are these funds coming from? From easy-money Washington. And as long as the volume of business and personal credit outstrips growth in business, an inflationary condition exists. Price rises may operate independently of credit policies: e.g. sales tax cuts lowered the Consumer Price Index temporarily, leading Liberal ideologues to dismiss inflation fears as mere reactionary dooming and glooming; beef prices may rise because of restriction on imports. But eventually the broad movement of prices will be determined by the relationship of production to credit, and credit policies have been flagrantly permissive.

Toronto, Ont. DONALD COXE

On the Air

Left-wingers aren't the only participants

(Continued on p. 343)

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Edmund Burke, too, is a man for our time: like us he lived in an age of revolution. He saw intellectuals of satanic arrogance itching to make mankind conform to their blueprints and contemptuous of every value that Christian civilization stood for. And he saw what it would all lead to: lawless mobs screaming for blood. Burke shows us why the one inevitably leads to the other — why the people we call Liberals make smooth the path to Auschwitz and Budapest . . . the Bay of Pigs . . . Berkeley . . . Watts. *Reflections on the Revolution in France* is more than an incomparable source of conservative ideas. It is one of the world's great models of vivid prose.

Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* proved that free enterprise made sense — and made prosperity. Smith, anticipating the bleeding hearts of our own day, showed how enlightened self-interest helps the underdog more than a dozen "poverty programs". Smith had an inquiring mind, an eye that missed nothing, and a pen that makes the ideas of freedom all but dance on the page.

Democracy in America is fascinating on several levels. It is a picture of our national character that still holds true in many ways; a knowing look at our political and social and religious habits (it took a sympathetic Frenchman to notice how really different we are); and, above all, a remarkable analysis of the prospects of freedom in a nation that, even in the 1830's, was moving fast from mixed and limited government to mass democracy. Because Tocqueville liked America and loved liberty, and because his own land made the easy slide from Liberalism to mob rule to tyranny, he has insights for us that we dare not ignore.

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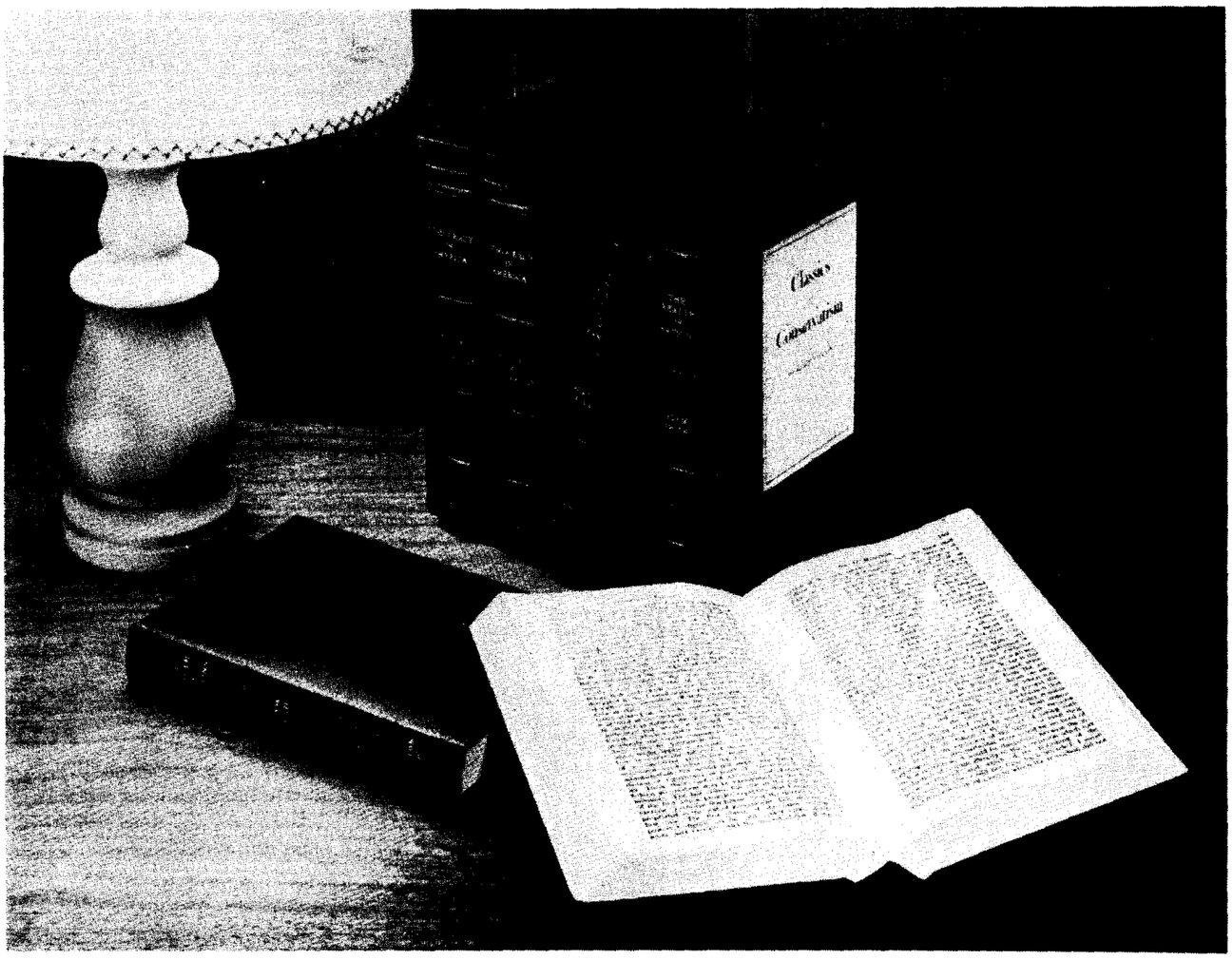

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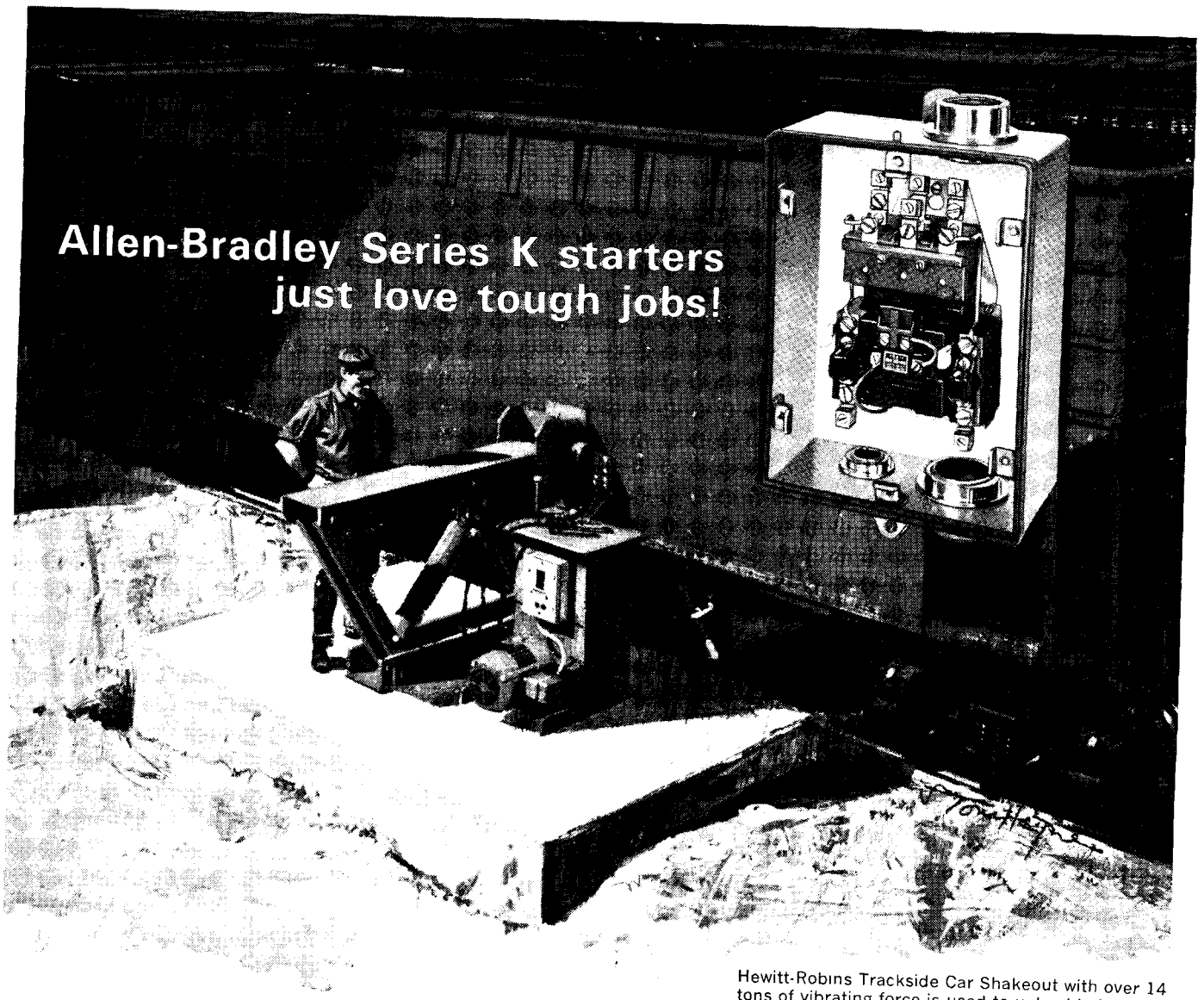

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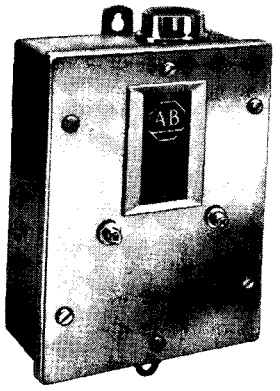

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 338)

on the new radio-TV "talk" shows. Conservatives have vocal cords too, you know.

The preposterous MARS program ("Man Assuming the Role of Spouse" in relief-supported homes) mentioned in Barbara Vaccariello's article [March 22] may very well be abandoned as a result of pressure from irate callers to "conversation" shows in Los Angeles. And just one phone call from an incensed female, same city, brought out hundreds of alarmed property owners in a matter of hours. Belatedly informed of the impending erection of huge dump site near a nice residential area, these telephone dissenters quickly marched downtown *en masse* to the zoning hearing, fought City Hall, and won hands down.

Los Angeles, Calif. DOROTHY BLAIR

The article in the March 22 issue by Barbara Vaccariello, prompts me to address this note to you since I feel a certain sense of responsibility (indirectly) for what is being foisted upon the radio audiences these days and nights in the name of open-phone programs. I originated this type of radio program and after eighteen years it is interesting to note that the ratings still show my program to be number one by three to one and four to one over all competitors in this area.

I say this not to sound like a ham but to prove that a program such as mine can remain on top despite the fact that I have never permitted the format or policy of these three-hour nightly sessions to deteriorate into a circus for perverts and liars and phonies, etc. While our guests (when we have them) represent various views, it is only responsible persons and not sensationalists we welcome to the program whether they be Liberal or conservative.

ALAN COURTNEY
Miami, Fla. Radio Station WINZ

Molnar on Soustelle

Thomas Molnar's review of Soustelle's *A New Road for France* [Feb. 8] was unsatisfactory when I read it. He took issue with the title, not the book, and he classified de Gaulle and Soustelle as *Leftists.* I had thought of de Gaulle as *sui generis,* a man who chose ends and means from any part of the political spectrum like an unethical Machiavelli. Soustelle, it had seemed, was engaged in the problem of unifying Europe—an eminently conservative notion. As for the title, well, the mislabeling of books is no crime—or no author would be at large.

Now that I have read the book, I find

(Continued on p. 383)

Gentlemen: If you purchase this shaver, we promise never to repair it.

But we will promise you this, and in writing: If anything goes wrong within one year we will send you an all-new ACCUMEN Shaver. After that one-year guarantee period, and if you are unhappy with the shaver for any reason, return it to us—even if it's thirteen years from now—and for just $12.95 we'll send you the newest "top-of-the-line" model available at the time. (We fully realize that $12.95 may be worth only $2.95 thirteen years from now. But that's our hard luck). And then you can start this all over again with that new shaver—for another thirteen years if you wish. That's why we call it the "ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan."

If this sounds like an unprecedented offer, you are correct. It is. And if you think there must be some "gimmick" involved, you are also correct. There is. We would not stick our necks out so far and for so long if we weren't quite sure that the ACCUMEN will give you trouble-free satisfaction from now until the cows come home. What makes us so sure? Just this: We have observed the ACCUMEN's performance for years in Europe and since we introduced it to this country. We have talked to hundreds of really satisfied owners. We have "fan letters" by the score. Finally, we know what it's made of and how it's made. It will be a rare ACCUMEN that falters or disappoints.

This is the Ultimate Shaver — we think this is the finest shaver made in the world today. Cordless or otherwise. In our opinion it makes all others obsolete. Very few of our competitors describe their shavers as "second best," so we quite understand if you take all of these claims with a heaping spoonful of salt. But, here, for your consideration, are the principal reasons why we believe the ACCUMEN to be "The Ultimate."

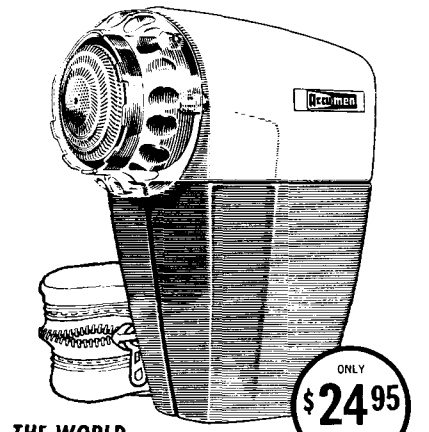
1. The Powerplant: A high-potential nickel-cadmium battery, which will give you at least ten to fifteen good shaves before recharging. As an aside: The president of Witte & Sutor (manufacturers of the ACCUMEN) is none other than Herr Waldemar Witte, the inventor of the rechargeable flashlight. He ought to know!

2. The Motor: The "synchromesh" motor is a 6000 rpm. marvel of German engineering. Barium ferrite permanent magnets, self-lubricating bearings and copper-carbon brushes assure a long, hardworking life.

3. The Shaving Head: Shaving area 2½ times larger than that of any other rotary shaver. Ultrathin foil (.00315"). Four stainless steel cutters are individually sprung and balanced and can operate independently to adapt to the minutest contour of your face (this is a truly radical innovation — have you ever noticed how your present shaver is built on the same principle as a lawn mower?)

And then the marvelous extras: The patented "LumiRing" that spotlights the working area for perfect shaves in any light. Vacuum action that keeps your whiskers from your clothing. And, as far as we know, this is the only shaver in the civilized world that is rechargeable directly from any wall socket—no transformers, no "power cords." The ACCUMEN is lockable, to keep it exclusively yours (sorry, teenagers). Then, there is a built-in shave counter. Last, and probably least, women are wild about the ACCUMEN, because the shaving head is round and smooth and has no sharp edges. (But, please, buy her one of her own.)

Still more. The ACCUMEN is not just the finest shaver in the world. The optional attachments make it a complete grooming system — among other things. Look at the choice in the coupon and help yourself.



THE WORLD FAMOUS ACCUMEN. FOR A LIFETIME OF CLOSE SHAVES

Should you Buy a Shaver by Mail — Sight Unseen? It may be unorthodox, but the only way to buy this shaver at this price (on this side of the Atlantic) is from us, the exclusive importer/retailers. Be that as it may—why not? What's the risk? You order the ACCUMEN not only with the one-year new-shaver guarantee; not only with the $12.95 ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan, but with this added assurance:

Unconditional Promise: Try the ACCUMEN for two weeks. Then, if you don't agree it is indeed "The Ultimate," send it back to us and we'll return your money by air mail and write you a nice thank-you letter.

That's it. For the price of an ordinary, run-of-the-mill shaver you can now shave with the pride of Europe. The ACCUMEN. The Ultimate Shaver. The only electric shaver that shaves close enough (in the woods or at home) to satisfy "blade men." And the only shaver in the world that will never be repaired, but that offers the exclusive ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan.

NR-0419 — ***STEP INTO A NEW WORLD OF SHAVING LUXURY-TODAY*** — ©1966

Mail to: **HAVERHILL'S**
526 Washington St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111

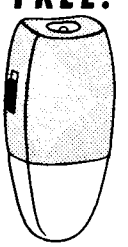
Please enroll me in the ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan, subject to the stated guarantee. I will also receive free the $4.95 rechargeable flashlight if I purchase at least one attachment in addition to the ACCUMEN. Please send me the following:

- ☐ *ACCUMEN rechargeable shaver with zippered case, mirror and brush - $24.95.
- ☐ *Hairclipper Attachment - $4.95.
- ☐ *Massage/Hairbrush Attachments, both-$4.95.
- ☐ *White Flashlight Attachment - $3.95.
- ☐ *Yellow Blinker Attachment - $3.95.
- ☐ Praktikus-5, all items marked with an *, in a beautiful zippered gift case, only $39.95. (Instead of $42.75 if purchased separately.)
- ☐ Automobile Charging Unit (12v or 6v)-$4.95.

☐ Check incl. $1 for Post. & Insur. Enclosed
☐ Diner's ☐ Am. Exp. Acct. # _____
California Residents Add 4% Sales Tax.

Name _____
Address _____

FREE!



Haverhill's
Searching the World to bring you the Finest

To get this ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan going in a big way, we will be pleased to send you a gift. Order the ACCUMEN and at least one attachment now and we'll send you in addition a beautiful rechargeable flashlight—also by Witte & Sutor, the manufacturers of the ACCUMEN and inventors of the rechargeable flashlight. Regular retail price of this flashlight is $4.95.

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The WEEK

● STUMPED DEPARTMENT: (From a letter to the *N.Y. Daily News,* March 30): "I'm an eighteen-year-old unwed mother. Since I'm adult enough to raise a child, shouldn't I be able to vote?"

● The Republican Assembly of California has resoundingly endorsed Ronald Reagan for governor, greatly disappointing those who believed that the Assemblymen would rise up from the temptation to vote for the man *they* would like to see governor, and vote instead for the man *other* people would like to see governor. Reagan has been doing disconcertingly well in California, to the distress of those who would dearly like to see him foam at the mouth and come out for the repeal of the internal combustion engine, or something. And there seems to be very little doubt at this point that Mr. Reagan will win the nomination. We shall then see whether Liberal Republicans will proceed to take their episodic vacation from their preachments in behalf of Republican unity, long enough to subvert Reagan, even as they did Goldwater. It is to Reagan's credit that he is making it hard for them. He is doing so by disdaining fanaticism while upholding his conservative principles—which are in refreshing contrast to those of the incumbent governor, and the other Republican challenger. Apropos the whole business of the future of the Republican Party, it is worth noting that the Conservative Party of Great Britain, which ran for office on a program in some respects (see Anthony Lejeune) more left-minded than the Laborites', managed, by pursuing the English version of super-Liberal Republicanism, to take a smashing 41.9 per cent of the national vote.

● Harry Gold, pivotal witness in the government's investigation of Dr. Klaus Fuchs, David Greenglass, Morton Sobell and the Rosenbergs, is to be released from a federal penitentiary after having served fifteen years of a 30-year sentence for espionage. This is welcome news, but it suggests the question: Was Gold's invaluable service to the nation—especially as contrasted with the other witnesses' intransigence—taken sufficiently into account when he first became eligible for parole in 1960?

● New York Governor Rockefeller's addict-care program, including stiffer penalties for dope pushers, is a certainty. The controversial provision for compulsory commitment of addicts for periods up to three years touched off the Legislature's longest debate of the session. But the measure passed, and it is a great day for the new intuition: that narcotic addiction is a communicable disease.

● The meaning of the change that has come over the Peace Corps in the last year (during which an increasingly distracted Sargent Shriver gave up his chieftainship to Jack Hood Vaughn) is defined in a hair-raising article in the *New Republic.* It seems that the old-style Peace Corps policy of dispensing good will and technical assistance in underdeveloped communities only succeeded in stabilizing the status quo. Potential recruits could see more action in Berkeley and Mississippi than in Jamaica and Nigeria. But now the old Menshevik days are done and gone. According to one Frank Mankiewicz ("head of the Corps' big Latin American program"), "our mission is essentially revolutionary. The ultimate aim of community development is nothing less than a complete change, reversal—or a revolution if you wish—in the social and economic patterns of the countries to which we are accredited." Does it disturb the *New Republic* that "revolution if you wish" brings a certain semantic difficulty to the word "peace," as in "Peace Corps"? Hell, no: ". . . The Peace Corps is not going to bring 'peace' in any simple sense; if anything, it may cause more wars than it prevents. But there are implications in the Corps for long-range changes in the conduct of U.S. foreign policy, and for many people they constitute the Corps' significance." The entire article can be obtained from the *New Republic,* along with a looking-glass to read it by.

● The End of the Affair: Columnist and former Lindsay booster Murray Kempton, March 15. ". . . It was my notion that, as mayor, John Lindsay would restore civility to this city. He may restore honesty and dedication to this city, but civility never. It is impossible to pick up a paper without seeing the mayor's face; and he always looks like the leading man in *Slattery's People* the day the rating came in. His habitual public expression is that of outraged victim. The one sort of mayor I never thought he'd be was the kind who never for one minute is free of assurance that we're lucky to have him or the opinion that he's unlucky to have us."

● Owen Lattimore is back in the news, lecturing at Harvard and advocating a change in our policy towards Red China, preferably on terms agreeable

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to Red China. Why? *Machtpolitik*: "It is not so much a question of admitting the Communist Chinese as their terms for coming in." Mr. Lattimore deplores the failure of our Far Eastern policy, which is a little bit like Frankenstein deploring the failure of *his* monster, Red China having become what it became largely thanks to the failure of American Far Eastern policy at a moment when Owen Lattimore was its principal architect. Oh yes, the *New York Times* identifies the professor as a former victim of Senator McCarthy, who called Lattimore "the top Soviet espionage agent in the United States," which charge, the *Times* states, "later was proved false"—which isn't quite as accurate as saying, "which charge was never proved." (It was silly to begin with. Someone in Lattimore's position would, if the top Soviet agent, have been held far too important merely to commit espionage.) The *Times* did *not* mention that after two years of investigation, nine senators of both parties (comprising a committee of which McCarthy was never a member) concurred that Owen Lattimore had acted as a "conscious, articulate instrument of the Soviet conspiracy," a conclusion based on a reasonable reading of testimony which was never disproved.

● The rumbles from the Buddhist community in South Vietnam are ominous, and if the government of Premier Ky falls, we can expect yet another term of chaos, of the kind ushered in by the deposition of President Diem: revolving-door premierships, the demoralization of the civil and military communities, and a revival of hope among the Vietcong, who are psychologically in retreat. Ky is a shrewd tactician, and one might hope that, left alone, he will deal successfully with the civil discontent. The trouble is, he probably will not be left alone. Any day now, we may expect to see a bonze light himself up again, having first called together the world's press, and made quite certain that their exposure meters are properly calibrated.

● *Young Americans for Freedom*: Seems like yesterday. But it couldn't have been, apparently, because YAF is celebrating its *fifth* anniversary May 9. The Shoreham's the place (Washington, D.C.) and Honorary Chairman and principal speaker Barry Goldwater will be welcoming the luminaries from all over the country. For information: The Cambridge, 1221 Massachusetts Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005. Reservation deadline is May 2.

● "Oh-h-h- *no*," said the contender for municipal office in Oss, the Netherlands, last week, "we'll have *no* elections here until someone removes *that* cuckoo clock." And removed it was. The winner (and now champ)—Mr. Keoukeouk.

● Flash—: Pillsbury's Funny Face Drink Mix flavors, Chinese Cherry and Injun Orange, have now been changed to Choo Choo Cherry and Jolly Olly Orange. Complaints from CORE, the Association on American Indian Affairs, and some Chinese grocers in Sacramento are thought to have been instrumental in bringing about the change. Still on the shelf are Goofy Grape, Lefty Lemon and Loud-Mouth Lime. Oh, Mr. Pillsbury, why can't Lefty Lemon be Jolly Olly, too?

The Ice Age

Artists and writers, the anomalous men of Soviet society, are used to jumping through hoops. The first week of the 23rd Congress of the CPUSSR has made it bitterly clear: they are now to jump higher and farther than at any time since the humiliations of the late forties. The punishment meted out to bootlegging authors Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, so shocking to Western intellectuals with fixed ideas of a post-Stalinist renaissance, has only paved the way for a whole series of new repressions. From the lectern at the Party Congress first Brezhnev, then the ever-faithful Mikhail Sholokhov (Nobel Prize for Literature, 1965), pounds "those who betrayed the homeland and slung mud at everything most sacred to us" (Sinyavsky and Daniel) and "those who tried and are trying to defend them" (most Western and some Eastern European CP heads present in the audience). *Novy Mir*, the most advanced of the Russian literary journals, is attacked; a play critical of Stalin by its editor, Alexander Tvardovsky, is banned. The memoirs of Maisky, Russian ambassador to Britain during World War II, which blame Stalin for not having armed Russia in time for the Nazi invasion, are held up to scorn. *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch*, by Alexander Solzhenitsym, a profoundly moving document of Stalinist repression which Khrushchev found it convenient to circulate, is withdrawn and condemned. The name of novelist Ilya Ehrenburg, whose fortunes have been a bellwether of shifts in Soviet culture for forty years, is mud once again. The new literature, hailed just two years ago by the dauntless Yugoslav critic Mihajlo Mihajlov, is expressly reviled for its "politically amorphous personalities . . . [who] flaunt their social and civic passiveness." The cultural exchange pact with the U.S., begun under Nikita Khrushchev as a major diversionary tactic, this year required every resource of culture-profiteer Sol Hurok to get it moving again.

It has been some while since the Russians have dared show themselves so fearful of infection from Western ideas. Enlightenment? Conciliation? Thaw? Stalinist orthodoxy, without apology, seems to be

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back in the saddle. From "socialism in one country" to "socialism in many countries," the Moscow Mafia seems to have embarked on a new Internationale: a much more closely coordinated attack on the Free World.

Much has been made of the flamboyant absence of delegates from the Communist Parties of Albania, Red China, New Zealand, and Japan. This, say the auspicators, shows the weakness of the Communist movement. Quite otherwise: Moscow is now liberated from the ideological and organizational problems of harboring an uncontrollable dissident while attempting to appear reasonable and pacific. Without the messianic oriental militarists the remaining 71 parties at the 23rd Congress could proceed in an orderly way to consolidate their programs for the sapping of the West. Perhaps that is why so much of the proceedings was behind closed doors. In the past the meetings have been exploited much more studiously for their propaganda value.

Certain Western seers, studying the Congress' opening days, foresaw Great New Changes in the Communist world set-up—yea, Moscow would henceforth, chastened by the defection of the Orient, strive to mitigate the differences between Washington and Peking, be reasonable, serve as the *ehrlicher Makler* (in Bismarckian phrase).

Then the reverse play arrived. Towards the end of the game, General Alexei Yepishev told the Congress that "thousands" of Soviet people were eager to join in the fighting in Vietnam against the American imperialists, etc. With middlemen like that, who needs competition?

No, the non-oriental world has not fallen like a ripe fruit into the hands of the West. The Communist movement is aiming at a better coordinated attack on the West. And if the Chinese Communists have to forgo Africa and South America this year because they are actively at war in the Far East, there is little enough reason to rejoice that the Moscow branch of the family has stepped in to take their place.

Ginzburg & Pornography

The decision against the pornographer Ginzburg continues to shake up members of the literary community, most recently Sloan Wilson (*The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit*) who not only may be thinking, but is actually saying, "There but for the grace of God go I." Mr. Wilson has formed a Committee To Protest Absurd Censorship. We are supposed to fear that the Supreme Court's ruling (we say Ginzburg is a pornographer and the hell with it) jeopardizes the future of James Joyce or, to de-escalate the concern, Sloan Wilson. In fact, of course, the Supreme Court's decision does nothing of the kind. All it says is, in effect, that the highest court in the land isn't going to rule, at least not at this moment, that it is intellectually impossible to decide that a particular book, or magazine, or enterprise, is obscenity, rather than literature. At this level, the Supreme Court's decision was a venture in epistemological optimism.

In fact, the fight against pornography is at least for the time being a losing fight. The majority decision ordained that in order to be classed as a work of obscenity, a publication must be lacking in even "a shred" of redeeming social significance. That word, we warrant, will prove to be of critical importance in future litigation. What the pornographers will now do is to take especial care to insert, in the unrefreshing pauses between sexual bouts, a paragraph or two calling attention to the beauty of the Sermon on the Mount, say, or the necessity of the rule of law: which passages will be highlighted in future defensive actions as precisely constituting that "shred" which the Supreme Court has insisted upon.

The previous understanding, in the *Roth* decision, was more difficult to circumvent, since it talked not of isolated shreds, but of the meaning of books read whole. Although the Sloan Wilsons are bemoaning the present decision as threatening a new age of Comstockean prudery, our own prediction is that it will be one of the final successful prosecutions of obscene material published in America, this side of comic-strip pornography (or will *it* be allowed as pop art?).

Not that we envy the Supreme Court's role. We have previously remarked the insurmountable difficulties of enforcing anti-obscenity laws which tread the line surely between literary expression, which includes even psychopathic literary expression, and pure pandering. The effort, nevertheless, should continue to be made, however elusive the criteria. And the effort should continue to be made irrespective of the foreknowledge that standards do in fact change. It may be perfectly correct that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* should be generally available today, while still being correct that it ought not to have been generally available thirty years ago. The point is not to give up: to retain the intellectual and moral self-assurance sufficient to look the hypocrite Ginzburg in the face and call him what he is, a pornographer-for-profit. Mr. Ginzburg's next view of erotica may be much more unhurried than this last one.

That Railroad Strike, & Co.

Measured against the more than 70 million people regularly at work in this country, the 8,000 "fire-

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Once again Liberal Republicans have put over a key Great Society program — this time rent supplements. The 198-190 vote in the House was, moreover, the first crucial test this year on a "guns *vs.* butter" issue. While the House Appropriations Committee cut LBJ's request for $30 million to $12 million, what is important is that the rent-subsidy precedent is now established. The GOP defectors were Representatives Halpern, Kupferman, Reid and Horton (all of New York), Tupper (Me.)—and surprise convert James Harvey of Michigan, who led last year's fight against the measure. Harvey was won over, he said, by revisions designed to make certain that only low-income families would be eligible. But to get the necessary votes from suburban and Border State congressmen, the Committee also had to give local communities veto power over rent-supplement projects. One of the major, though unpublicized, purposes of the bill was to provide housing for Negroes in suburban communities; the veto proviso helped remove fear of that.

◆ Rep. John E. Moss (D., Calif.) has re-introduced his "freedom of information" bill (HR 5012) and thinks it has a good chance of passage. The bill would give citizens a statutory right to most nonmilitary information in the Federal Government. Denial of access could be challenged in federal courts. The Senate has passed the bill (for the third straight year), and in the House it now rests before the Government Operations Committee. Last year it died there.

◆ Now and then the public is given some intimation of the volcanic pressures building up around the forthcoming Bobby Baker trial. Recently, for example, the attorney for Clifford Jones, the former lieutenant governor of Nevada who was indicted along with Baker last January, moved in U.S. District Court here that the Jones trial be held in Nevada. The reason why is spectacular: "It is essential to the defense of Clifford Jones," the attorney contended, "that there be exposed a widespread program for the obtaining of political contributions from savings and loan associations on the West Coast incident to the 1962 congressional elections. Evidence bearing upon these contributions, particularly the character and legality of efforts to obtain them, will be far-reaching, dramatic, and approaching the most newsworthy matter ever adduced in a courtroom of the District of Columbia, the focal point of political news in America." Jones' attorney contended that it would be impossible for Jones to get a fair trial here because of the intense publicity. This contention pierces to the heart of the case.

◆ Both the D.C. Young Republicans and Young Democrats are currently embroiled in feuds symptomatic of the problems facing the national parties. In the YRs, Liberals captured control in recent elections, but in three of the four contested races they "won" by only eight, three and twenty votes out of 639 ballots cast. The problem is that the official count revealed only 617 YRs voting, for a discrepancy of 22, and conservatives are asking for new elections. They're not likely to get them. D.C. Young Democrats also held bitter elections recently, in which incumbent president and losing candidate Gordon Graham charged that winner Lonnie C. King, a former SNCC national board member, was "front man for a SNCC takeover" engineered by "local SNCC boss Marion Barry." King (a Negro) has brought more than 600 new members into the club since December 1, Barry among them, and Negroes now constitute a majority of the club's membership.

◆ One of the Administration's new fiscal gimmicks is to pool mortgages held by several federal agencies and then sell participations in the pool to private investors. By this means LBJ proposes to lure $4.7 billion of private capital into federal coffers. This would help to lower and balance the budget, even though federal programs continue to expand. In March, the Federal National Mortgage Association put $410 million of the pool certificates on the market—the last installment of a $1.6 billion sale that started last July. The certificates pay 5.44 per cent interest annually—an amount high enough to attract private capital in these inflationary times. The mortgages in the pool, however, return only 4.78 per cent, which means the government is losing $5.1 million annually to enable Mr. Johnson to reduce his budget.

—CATO

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men" (on Diesel locomotives that have no fire and need no fire-tenders) who went on strike late in March are a merest handful. And yet that merest handful were enough to cause economic distress, even to factory layoffs, in 38 states; strand uncounted thousands of passengers; sabotage the intricate production arrangements of gigantic industries; sidetrack 500,000 freight cars; delay the delivery of military supplies to another mere handful of men, in another country and another clime.

Such is the power of organized labor. Meanwhile where was the power of organized society? The White House sanctimoniously refused at first even to comment on the outrage. It was in the hands of the courts, said Assistant Deputy Knowledgeable Observer, and therefore the President of course would withhold comment. A cipher named Gilbert, it seems, has the unchallenged power to tie up a good share of the nation's commerce. Gilbert is the head of the 8,000.

Then, bless him, Judge Alexander Holtzoff of the U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C. announced that he would fine the union $25,000 a day and Gilbert $2,500 a day until they obeyed his injunc-

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tion to return to work (under the authority of the Taft-Hartley Act).

Although the union immediately appealed this ruling, keeping the business therefore still entirely in the courts, the White House was stirred to the semblance of action—announcing that better "procedures" would be available (tr.: more dough) as soon as "work is resumed." That took the union off the hook, at the cost of exposing the lies issued earlier by the White House in connection with the reasons it had for withholding comment. When some noise was subsequently made about raising the fine to a half million dollars a day, lo! the "firemen" returned to their parasite jobs.

The tale is shoddy enough, but it's a triumph of morality when compared to New York's handling of the transit strike last January. There a union in flagrant violation of law walked off the job, and no one in city or state government dreamt of asking for a penalty. Indeed, once the subways and buses were rolling again, a craven state legislature passed a bill making the union, *ex post facto*, innocent.

Now we read that Harry Bridges, the militant leftist boss of the West Coast longshoremen, and a loud critic of the Vietnam war, is getting set to tie up all Pacific shipping—by way of a strike, without regard for commerce at home, or the logistics of an army an ocean away. Washington will be silent, with one hopes the kind of silence that precedes a storm. A forthright stand against the hideous anarchy of labor bossism would be, in 1966 if ever, a sure vote-getter. Labor's right to strike takes a distant back seat to the nation's right to survive.

Election in the Beloved Country

Last week's elections in South Africa appear to close out the hope, so widely held in so many quarters of the globe, that the white population would itself rise to reject apartheid. The United Party, it is important to bear in mind, was never anti-apartheid in the sense in which, say, the editorial writer around the block is anti-apartheid. It has opposed, most cogently, some of the fanatical excesses of the apartheid policy (to give a trivial but galling example: separate postage vendors for Whites and Blacks). The United Party was grievously hurt last week when the Nationalist Party took 125 out of 166 contested seats, reducing the UP's votes by twenty. There is a third party in South Africa (Progressive) and a fourth (Liberal). The Progressives are staunchly anti-apartheid though opposed to the one-man one-vote lunacy to which the far-gone Liberal Party (whose spokesman is the unforgettably eloquent Alan Paton) is committed. Both of these parties were confirmed in insignificance—the Liberal Party having not even bothered to field a candidate.

Unquestionably the recent convulsions in Africa (a half dozen revolutions in three months) influenced the outcome of the elections. No doubt the punitive Western venture against Rhodesia also contributed to that sense of desperate isolation which drives beleaguered people to the most resolute party in town. It is a great pity that the United Party lost strength: because it was a vehicle through which forces could work to leaven that intransigence of Mr. Verwoerd which is an unnecessary accretion to the central idea of his government, namely that the white population will continue to rule the country discovered and settled by the white population, while earnest endeavors are made to give the black population an opportunity to develop its own economic base and political independence. Critics of the South African enterprise are unlikely to pause to ask themselves how they would have voted under the circumstances, i.e. in the direction of Verwoerd, or in the direction of Nkrumah, if they became convinced it was one or the other. The pity of it is that the pressures on South Africa and on Rhodesia, and the explosions in that tormented continent, have tended to polarize the approved alternatives.

The center party, devoted on the one hand to the proposition that three and one-half million whites are not obligated to surrender the country they settled to a democratist abstraction which has plunged Africa into totalitarian chaos; and on the other hand, exhibiting a healthy impatience with the unnecessary and sometimes cruel paraphernalia of the doctrine of separate development—emerged as slightly less reliable than the die-hard Nationalists. So that, increasingly, the voting population goes to the hards. Western pressure on South Africa is an example

Work, For The Night Is Coming

(Old Protestant hymn)

The Protestant Council of the City of New York may soon drop the word "Protestant" from its name . . . The Reverend Lawrence R. Durgin, pastor of the Broadway United Church of Christ, said that to speak of Protestant Christians "is now, happily, to speak in interim terms."

New York Times

Chisel it. Hammer it. Chip it away.
Calvin's embarrassing; Wesley's passé.
Don't be a drag over doctrinaire nits.
(Whadda *you* care if the document fits?)
Get with the challenge: cosmopolite blight!
The hell with the "someone" who's "sinking, tonight."
Protestant, Catholic, Moslem and Jew
Merge into one ecumenical goo.
When all our leveling labor is done,
No one will know Dr. Peale from a nun.

W. H. VON DREELE

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"I wish every American in Vietnam could read your magazine, so they would know there are some people of principle who support them."

THAT's what a woman reader recently wrote us. High praise? You bet it is, and we're proud of it — proud to be among the few public voices actively *supporting* the Americans struggling — and dying — in Vietnam.

We are convinced that American willingness to fight back in Southeast Asia has *already* produced vital gains for the anti-Communist world. As James Burnham put it:

"The political reversal in Indonesia is a Communist defeat of epochal importance: indeed, much the greatest Communist defeat since the Cold War began. *This defeat has come about solely because of U.S. firmness in Vietnam* . . . The fact that a first move of the new African governments is the ouster of Chinese Communist representatives and technicians is by no means unrelated to our presence in Vietnam. Communism's greatest stock in trade is the belief that Communism is the Wave of the Future. That is why men everywhere watch Vietnam so anxiously to find out whether a counter-force able to arrest and turn back the Wave is now in action."

Amen. And that is why we are so pleased — and encouraged — by the great demand for reprints of the article (NR, March 8), "Our War with Red China," Anthony Harrigan's explosive analysis of the true meaning of Vietnam. (Here is a document that can convince anybody but the most hardened "peacenik" of the *reasons why* we can't have peace in Vietnam until we *do* something about Red Chinese aggression.)

So we are happy to announce that "Our War with Red China" is now being reprinted in a handsome 16-page pamphlet format. It is perfect for anyone with relations in Vietnam (not to mention the troops themselves!), and for college students, legislators, etc. You can use the coupon below to order your copies right now.

Please read this important notice:

We feel so strongly that **every** American should read this pamphlet (fully described on this page) that we are making the following offer:

National Review *will send a free copy of Anthony Harrigan's "Our War with Red China" to any new subscriber using the card facing this page. We can't think of a better introduction to NR, and we hope you won't miss this wonderful opportunity to help by introducing someone you know to* National Review *now, while they can get this special free bonus. (If you prefer to give a gift subscription yourself, we will be happy to send the pamphlet, free, to the friend of your choice.)*

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(*Please*: enclose payment with all orders of $5.00 or less. Thank you.)

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of the kind of disservice to the explicit objects of their best designs, that friends of the Bantu people continue to perform.

Frühlingsrauschen

Here in the northern latitudes where NATIONAL REVIEW has the honor of publishing itself, the hillsides have turned a rosy red with the bursting of the maple bud, the crocus blossoms nod in the cool winds, and noises strange to winter can be heard once again —in the swamps the peepers, the redwing high overhead, at dawn the cardinal from some commanding perch loosing peal after peal of his throaty plunging aria. Strange and wondrous, the voice of the turtle, and even more strange and more wondrous, that other voice heard in our land last week.

Perhaps you missed it. After all, we hear only what we know how to define (how many languages use the same verb for "to hear" and "to understand"?). It was a quietly enunciated chirp of happiness reported in the bilge of the press, but its sweetness came through. "My people," it seemed to be saying, "are grateful to your people." Mme. Indira Gandhi was telling President Johnson that the billions of dollars of aid received in New Delhi from Washington had not gone completely unnoticed. Her people, she said—and hark! she said it more than once—are grateful to us. So much for Nicodemus' mystery!

The cynic will say this was no unbought grace. Mme. was in town to meet the President who, having seen "the color of her eyes," as he so suavely described the objective of the séance, promptly showed her the color of our money, by announcing a billion-dollar program to feed everything in India except the divine cattle, and a 300 million-dollar program to jack up the educational system of this green silly backward country which had produced a greatly cultivated society two thousand years before Texas ever saw a white man.

Mme. smiled, accepted, thanked once more, and went to Moscow, where *Grazhdanka* Gandhi learned that the next quinquennium would be planned so as to include a bit of food for starving India. No one mentioned that the Communist bloc would starve if it didn't have the free West to draw victuals from. Mme. smiled, accepted, thanked.

Still and all she said it. "My people are grateful to your people." It almost makes the whole thing seem to have been worth the trouble. They say a child shows signs of growing up when he begins to be grateful to his parents. Is a nation becoming mature when it can say thanks for gifts?

Her eyes, by the bye, are a lustrous grey-brown. Ours are simoleon green.

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All Together Now, Frances Knight is a Bad Woman . . .

In case you haven't got the picture, Frances Knight, head of the State Department's Passport Division, is Evil. Though it is unlikely that anyone is left who *hasn't* got the picture. She has, in the past few weeks, been disgracefallen in as neat an operation as has been seen since the de-apotheosis of Albert Schweitzer. Her sins? She was on the "other" side of the Abba Schwartz controversy (see *NR* Bulletin April 12, 1966); and no one may be on the other side of Abba Schwartz. Then she ordered someone to observe the activities abroad of H. Stuart Hughes, professor of unilateralism at Harvard, an act of McCarthyite persecution. It turned out it *wasn't* she who had ordered the observation—she was out of town—but someone in her office, and at the request of the FBI, so theoretically Attorney General Katzenbach was to blame—but never mind, blame it on Frances. Whereupon the little things began to go wrong for her, the kind of thing the bureaucrats specialize in. . . There was:

• *The telephone thing*—Miss Knight regularly requires classified information from certain investigative and intelligence agencies. The CIA accordingly installed in her office a "scrambler" telephone direct to the CIA, saving time, effort, and, who knows, maybe even money. (Miss Knight, according to Budget Bureau figures, has effected annual savings of almost $10 million in her division since she took over in 1955.) But no sooner had the device proved serviceable than it was mysteriously ordered removed, presumably by an authority with an even *more* scrambled telephone to issue orders through. And Miss Knight was once again obliged to place her CIA calls circuitously, through the Intelligence and Research Division.

• *The petty cash caper*—Miss Knight was invited to send a representative from Washington to New York to attend a meeting of some interest to the Passport Division. Miss Knight thought it a good idea, requisitioned the price of one round-trip air flight ($36). The request was taken under advisement, remained there till the date of the meeting had come and gone.

• *The midnight flight fluke*—A bunch of sports, pals of a highly-placed government official, called Miss Knight, cheerily, from Kennedy Airport demanding passport waivers to expedite a quick nip overseas. Miss Knight, try as she would, could not manage to work the boys in under the life-or-death clause in the rule book, and so declined to issue the waivers. Word went out that Miss Knight is "arbitrary."

• *The moppet mess*—Kids all look alike, declared the then Security and Consular Affairs Bureau head Abba Schwartz, bumping photo requirements for children's passports, and plunging Miss Knight's operation—her contrary views on the uniqueness of children's faces to the contrary notwithstanding—into chaos.

But Miss Knight is tough, has ten years to go before she reaches retirement, and is not about to resign under petty harassment. If it gets a lot worse, one can hope that Congress will induce the Secretary of State to issue a passport to Miss Knight which will let her pursue her duties without let or hindrance.

Newbold Morris, RIP

Newbold Morris was nationally in the news on only one occasion, when he went down to Washington at the invitation of President Truman to investigate corruption in government, and actually proceeded to do so. Such was the President's shock, to say nothing of the shock of the corruptees, that in very short order Morris's letter of marque and reprisal was withdrawn, and he was hustled quickly out of town, the whole city seeming to sigh with relief and wondering amusedly that there still existed a man so charmingly naive. What Morris had done was devise a little form to be filled out by all government employees, asking only two or three questions. It went something like this: Dear Sir, How much were you worth when you started working for the government? How long have you worked for the government and for how much? How much are you now worth? Sincerely, Newbold. The employees would sooner have filled out a questionnaire from Dr. Kinsey.

But it was typical of Morris, the gentle lawyer and patrician, who was New York City's principal monument to idealism and civic-mindedness, for a generation. He was the first man to call to the attention of the Fusion Party, in 1933, the possibility of running Fiorello LaGuardia for Mayor, and he subsequently joined LaGuardia's administration and did distinguished service for it unnoisily. Later he ran for mayor a couple of times, and, of course, lost; and then in 1960 he was made Commissioner of Parks, a job that greatly suited him because his devotion to natural beauty was a corollary of his devotion to the city's great historical and architectural landmarks. From that post he was dismissed by Mayor-elect Lindsay, to make way for a bright young man, a scholar of medieval art; and then suddenly Newbold Morris died, and everyone who knew him and admired him felt that pang one feels on realizing there was an unrequited debt all over the city, which cannot now be paid.

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ON THE RIGHT

Whose Hand to Shake?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

If I were the John Birch Society, I wouldn't have any use at all for Arnold Forster, chairman of the Anti-Defamation League. And if I were the Anti-Defamation League, I wouldn't have any use at all for the John Birch Society. But to judge from a recent encounter between the highest official of the Anti-Defamation League, the said Mr. Forster, and the second best-known Bircher, Mr. John Rousselot, Mr. Forster had a lot to learn from Mr. Rousselot about the axioms, let alone the civilities, of democratic intercourse.

Buckley

The two gentlemen were introduced at a meeting of a New York State legislative committee to explore the question whether the John Birch Society is a "political" organization under New York law. If the finding is positive, then New York policemen will be forbidden membership in the John Birch Society, even as they are forbidden membership in the Republican or Democratic political associations. The room is crowded with legislators, lawyers, witnesses, representatives from the political fever-swamps like George Lincoln Rockwell and the National Renaissance Party, state and city policemen, reporters and photographers.

John Rousselot, head of public relations for the John Birch Society, is introduced to Arnold Forster, head of the Anti-Defamation League. . .

Here is what had preceded the confrontation.

On January 31, the ADL leaked to the press a report charging that the John Birch Society is engaged in promoting anti-Semitism.

In its February 17 issue of *Review of the News,* the John Birch Society's Samuel Blumenfeld, the regular editor of the Analysis Section of the magazine, gave the Anti-Defamation League unshirted hell, in my judgment utterly deserved, for making such an accusation against the Birch Society without even giving responsible officials of the Society an opportunity to present conflicting testimony.

For instance: suppose a) that someone had reported to the ADL that, browsing through an American Opinion (John Birch) Library on Monday, he had spotted an anti-Semitic book available for sale. And suppose b) on Tuesday, an official of the John Birch Society, finding that such a book had wormed its way into the library, had written the librarian, advising her of the book's contents, and ordering her to destroy or return the book to the manufacturer. Certainly the evidence of act b) would go a long way in affecting inferences drawn from episode a). But not only did the ADL, which is always defending fair investigative procedures, fail to hear Birch officials; the details of its 36-page indictment of Birch anti-Semitism were not even made available at the time the stories were disseminated: so that the Birch leadership, and most specifically its public relations director John Rousselot, were powerless to defend themselves against unspecified charges.

But it is typical of the Birch Society that it cannot defend itself rationally. Mr. Blumenfeld, in making the highly makeable case against the ADL, went on, true to form, to botch it up by suggesting towards the end of his analysis that the fine hand of Communism was undoubtedly behind the sly maneuver of the ADL: thus, one more redundant time, exhibiting the Society's ultimate, berserk reliance on the conspiratorial view of things. As though just plain Liberals —or just plain conservatives—can't be sneaky, and unfair, like the ADL.

In any case, that was the background when Rousselot and Forster, in that crowded room, were introduced. Rousselot immediately extended his hand. Forster refused to take it. "He's not the kind of man whose hand I care to shake," Forster commented to the press.

It would be interesting to read a handbook by Mr. Forster on the subject of whose hand it is permissible to shake, whose not. Interesting, for instance, to know whether Mr. Forster would counsel against shaking the hands of avowed Communists, in which case he would, inferentially, oppose the cultural exchange program instituted by Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, since it would be awfully clumsy to run around Russia refusing to shake hands of anyone save maybe the official inmates of Russian concentration camps. John Rousselot has time and time again disavowed the most spectacular defamation by Robert Welch—that Eisenhower was a Communist—and however one might fault his judgment for associating with the Birch Society, he is by all accounts a most decent man, utterly antagonistic to anti-Semitism.

Is it an excommunicable offense from the order of humanity to belong to the Birch Society? If so, where exactly does one draw the line? Eleanor Roosevelt once said that much as she disliked Senator McCarthy she would certainly shake hands with him, indeed had done so. Indeed, she shook hands regularly at the United Nations with the murderer Vishinsky, Stalin's chief prosecutor during the great purge trials. Odd, is it not, that Mr. Forster, who is a spokesman for the forces of official tolerance, should refuse to shake the hand of a spokesman for the forces of official intolerance? One would not be so surprised if it had been the other way round. Would one?

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The Third World War

Oh Hateful Love, Oh Loving Hate

JAMES BURNHAM

It is not just governmental policy that has been swinging around in France's turn to the East. In the newspapers, the dispatch from Moscow rather than from Washington or London gets the big headline (after the newest dismemberment of a former mistress in a hotel closet). Big posters all over town as well as display ads in the papers and magazines beckon M. Dupont to the sunny beaches of Black Sea Rivieras and the nightclubs of Warsaw and Budapest. Air France steps up its flights to the cities of eastern Europe, and Orly welcomes Ilyushins by the dozen. Musicians, dancers and savants from Russia, Poland, Rumania and Uzbekistan fill the halls. At concerts, applause stops the show after the dreary symphonies of Shostakovitch and Prokofiev (though let us confess that the delicate discriminations of Gallic taste have never extended to *la musique*). On Asian news much more is heard from Peking and Hanoi than from Saigon, Bangkok or New Delhi. On the French TV, shots of the flight of Gemini VIII were invariably more than balanced by loving camera on that pair of dear little Russian dogs in simultaneous orbit. A few years ago there were 26 Chinese restaurants in Paris. Today there are three hundred.

Burnham

On the other side of the coin, rigorous French logic inscribes the inverse negations. Paid TWA ads, but no longer the rapturous pens of traveling French journalists, sing the beauties of North America. What scrupulous attention to every American trouble! Not an ambushed Marine in a Vietnam jungle, not a three point drop in the Dow-Jones index, not a draft card burning or Vietnik parade, not a drought in New England or flood in Minnesota, is omitted from the public record. I feel sure one American friend of ours, in charge of a sizable American business here, was exaggerating when he said he would expect a rotten egg or two if he walked up the Champs Elysées late at night. But all Americans doing business in France agree, I gather, that in the past year the bureaucratic roadblocks—always formidable for every man, native or foreign, doing business in France—have doubled and redoubled. The Kennedy cult survives—though Jackie has replaced Jack at its theological apex—but Kennedy-worship has become a reproach to America, a culminating proof of America's essential barbarism. To kill the handsome youthful, cosmopolitan, intellectual-courting, *chic* and *spirituel* John Kennedy—whose household featured, moreover, French food, French wine, French clothes and French paintings; to substitute the crude, low-browed, intellectual-scorning, new McCarthyite, whisky-drinking, spareribs-eating Lyndon Johnson, who, moreover, doesn't seem to give much of a damn *what* France is, does or thinks: well, there you have the American soul stripped to its essence.

Or Do You?

And yet. Suppose we stop reading the newspapers, magazines and fashionable books, and stop listening to intellectuals and journalists. Suppose we step inside that brand-new *Supermarché Casino*. Get yourself one of the shopping carts (oh yes, there's a place for baby, exactly like the one you are accustomed to), and wheel it up and down the wide aisles (the background music is there to soothe you, the air *climatisé*). Some of the labels may be unfamiliar, but you'll have no trouble picking out what you want. You'll find everything: standardized sextets of lemons—(BOUM! *Soldes Savons.* 2 fr. 80 2 fr 47. . . . *Vendredi entre 20 et 22 hrs. seulement.* Trois SPECIALES!!!). The checkers (their semi-uniforms are cute, too! a real French touch) are fast with their gleaming calculators as the items speed past on the moving belt; and (miracle of miracles!) your purchases are all packed into new ample-sized paper bags. Don't worry if your hands are full. The electric eye will open the exit door for you, just as at the First National, and you can wheel your cart to *le Parking*.

Stop for gas on the way home. You won't need to be told where to go—you've seen those neat white-and-red buildings, the electric pumps and Esso, Mobil and Caltex-star signs a million times. In the afternoon try shopping at *Trois Quartiers, Grand Magasin du Louvre,* or *Le Printemps* and wander through Home Furnishings. Before the big display you'll begin to wonder whether you've got your cities mixed. The model living-room and bedroom are in the season's reigning fashion: *Early American,* complete with Cobbler's Benches, Maple Drop-leafs and enough Captain's Chairs to outfit a whaler. The cupboards of the kitchen, too, are in period, but for the vast array of gadgets and appliances we switch abruptly to 196 . . . to be quite accurate let us say, America *circa* 1951. 1951.

I Hate Me

Coca Cola is an old story of course, and Snack Bar, Drug Store and Western. But notice, while you wait at the Boucherie (if it's not your day for the *Supermarché*) how many French housewives are getting freshly ground hamburger, and observe that every bottle of that rich milk is *pasteurisé*. In 1950 there were two Paris branches of American brokerage-investment banking firms; today there are eighteen and most of their customers, individual and corporate, are French. There are lots of movies around from Eastern Europe, but the big crowds line up for the American productions. Why, they even say that at some of the factories where the management is trying a half-hour instead of the traditional two-hour lunch break, the employees actually *prefer* finishing their work-day an hour and a half earlier.

It is not easy to fit together the

(Continued on page 383)

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Letter From London

What Does it Mean?

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Alas, poor Britain. There is no encouragement and little comfort to be derived from the 1966 General Election. The swing to the Socialists was numerically quite small, but the electoral system is so geared that a small swing means a big change in Parliamentary representation: and Harold Wilson now has a large confident majority.

A tedious and, in some ways, rather shameful campaign produced the expected and (for anyone with a shadow of affection for Britain as she used to be) utterly depressing result. Mr. Wilson decided to hold the election now because the public opinion polls, which at one time last year showed the Conservatives ahead, were running heavily in his favor, and because he feared, not without reason, that the crust of inflationary affluence may break and the government be forced to take still harsher measures in defense of sterling before many more months are passed. So he grabbed his opportunity.

Tories Doomed from Start

The public responded to the idea of another election with a groan and a yawn. It is only seventeen months since the last one, and because of the government's precarious majority and the political activism which is characteristic of a Socialist regime, the interval has been filled with feverish politics. The moment this election was announced, all unofficial controversy was banned from the television screens, and, night after night, approved party politicians poured out self-praise and denigration of their opponents. Their collective reputation was certainly damaged rather than enhanced. The only aspect of the election which seemed really popular was the fashionable new sport of betting on the results. One bookmaking firm alone had taken £1,600,000 by polling day; far more than it takes on the Grand National or the Derby.

All the slanging and haranguing made very little difference. The Tories were doomed from the start. The swing wasn't rational and therefore couldn't be opposed by rational arguments. Such argument as took place the Conservatives might reasonably claim to have won. Since the last election, there have been three acute sterling crises, from which the Labor Government extricated itself only by plunging Britain deep into debt and liquidating many of her foreign assets. There have also been, in effect, five separate budgets, pushing taxes up, distributing welfare hand-outs and never touching the roots of the economic problem. The government's so-called "Incomes Policy" is manifestly in ruins.

During the past year, wages have risen by more than 9 per cent, prices by 5 per cent, and production by scarcely 1 per cent. This clearly is a formula for disaster, but, in the short term, many working class Labor supporters have benefited. Since their wages have increased considerably faster than prices, they see nothing wrong with the economy. At the same time, there has been a *trahison des clercs* by young middle class voters who should know better. Indoctrinated with leftist assumptions, they have become not so much pro-Labor as anti-Conservative.

Overwhelmingly, however, the election was lost and won, not by arguments or even assumptions, but by personalities. What people were voting for was Harold Wilson. His triumph is paradoxical. No political leader since Lloyd George has been so detested and distrusted, and yet he has succeeded in mesmerizing a large part of the nation. He deliberately set out to be all things to all men, to govern by sleight-of-hand; and, throughout this election, he carefully avoided or blurred every big issue—the state of the economy, taxation, control of the labor unions, entry into Europe, Rhodesia—which might, and should, have brought people up with a jolt.

Ted Heath, who has been leader of the Conservative Party for only eight months, failed to establish himself as a comparable personality. The dissident left-wing Tories who forced Sir Alec Douglas-Home to resign thought that Heath, with his lower class origins and technocratic approach, would have more appeal to uncommitted voters. They may have been wrong. He provided too little contrast with Wilson, except that he was duller. He gained some stature as the campaign proceeded, and the Conservatives did attempt to discuss the larger issues. They promised to bring taxation down, to re-shape the welfare services, to tighten up on the unions, and to try again to join the Common Market: but a good deal of the old Adam remained. They still vied with the Socialists in offering huge new programs of government expenditure. There was little in their platform to warm the heart of any true conservative.

But, if the reasons for voting Tory seemed weak (and clearly quite a lot of Tories stayed at home), the reasons for voting against the Labor Party were very strong.

UK More Dependent on US?

Mr. Wilson may have given the impression—which, I suspect, has also been conveyed by the newspapers to many Americans—of being a non-doctrinaire national leader, but he is, in fact, a committed, relatively left-wing socialist. His first commitment may be, as the Labor Party veteran, Lord Morrison, said some years ago, to "Wilsonism" rather than to socialist doctrine, but the fact remains that he is busily laying, as it was always obvious that he would lay, the foundations of an unmistakably leftist state.

The Labor Party's renewed pledge to nationalize steel, though an absurdity, is perhaps not very important. Much more ominous are the plans, now rapidly going ahead, for extending government control and influence throughout all the most important sections of private industry. Meanwhile, profits have been badly squeezed, vast new tax burdens have been piled on to industry, and the whole tax system has been altered so that it discriminates in favor of activities of which the government ap-

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proves and against shareholders as a class. The financial and business community is justifiably sunk in gloom.

The rent control and land policies which the Labor Government has already introduced are blatantly confiscatory. The Minister of Housing admitted in Parliament that he had "a prejudice against landlords." Most distressing of all, Britain's ancient and excellent Grammar Schools seem now irrevocably doomed, and her famous private schools are to be compulsorily "integrated" (much as a bottle of whisky might be integrated with a pond) into a comprehensive state system.

Because the Socialists are committed to reducing defense expenditure in order to increase welfare spending, Britain will become militarily much more dependent on the United States. On the other hand, the influx of new left-wing members to Parliament may make it harder for Mr. Wilson to support America over Vietnam. And there remains a joker in the pack: Rhodesia. Mr. Wilson's air of knowing what he was doing over Rhodesia greatly enhanced his prestige: but if it now appears that he didn't know what he was doing, if sanctions fail (as seems every day more likely), there is cause for genuine uneasiness about what he may try next.

Even more than the direct result of the election it is the implications of the result which depress me. A Wilson government with a majority of 96 may not be very much worse than a Wilson government with a majority of three, since the Socialists never admitted that the smallness of the majority should restrict their mandate. What makes me profoundly unhappy is that so many people in Britain evidently do not mind; that they are prepared, quite casually, almost accidentally, to see the power of the state grow, taxes rise, individual freedom diminish and much which their fellow citizens hold precious callously destroyed. If Harold Wilson really represents the mood and standards of Britain in the 1960s, then, as I began by saying, alas for Britain.

The Spy and the Coin Collector

MICHAEL MACDOUGALL

As of January 1, 1963 the importation of all gold coins into the U.S. was prohibited by the Federal Government. Nevertheless, a huge flow of gold coins continues, and the U.S. collector pays about $42 an ounce for the gold content—which is a premium of about 20 per cent over the official $35 price at which the U.S. Treasury makes gold available to official foreign claimants.

A few years ago, for example, gold coins of Czar Nicholas II, issued from 1893 to 1911, were relatively scarce and commanded good prices. Today a collector can buy a set of four (5, 7½, 10 and 15 rubles) for little more than gold value. These coins are modern restrikes, made from original dies, and *no one* can tell the difference. The 15-ruble coin was issued for only one year (1897) and should be rare—but there are today more 15-ruble Nicholas II coins in New York alone than were ever minted in 1897. Incidentally, there are three more coins to the Russian gold set—the 2½, 25, and 37½ rubles—that are not being restruck at the moment. Consequently they are listed as rare.

The Communists know that many Americans have a built-in resistance to buying anything from behind the Iron Curtain; so Moscow has made financial arrangements with other countries, furnishing gold for similar restrikes. Austria is a prime example. No less than seven gold coins of Imperial Austria are being minted today to satisfy the apparently insatiable demands of numismatists and jewelers. The Vienna Mint admits that these coins are restrikes. The Leningrad Mint neither confirms nor denies.

Most famous of these Austrian coins is the 4-ducat piece, with the bust of Franz Josef, and the date 1915. This attractive item is very big, and very cheap. It is larger than a silver dollar in circumference, but exceedingly thin. As a bit of flashy jewelry it is ideal and as a coin it is in great demand. The actual gold content is $16.05 (in international settlement the dollar is 13.71 grams pure gold); the wholesale price is about $18.00. That doesn't sound like much of a markup but remember that tens of thousands of these coins are brought into this country every year.

How does all this illegal gold enter this country?

It is a good guess that much of it is brought here in diplomatic pouches which are exempt from customs inspection. When the United Nations is in session the river of gold swells to a great flood, when the United Nations is not meeting, the river dries up to a mere trickle.

The second greatest source is the postman. Many foreign banks deal in these Russian-made gold coins as a matter of course and they sell to all comers. One has only to write, enclosing a certified check or money order, and the coins will be sent by return mail. It would require an army of inspectors to examine the millions of personal letters, besides which it would be contrary to current postal regulations. One of the biggest distributors in North America is the Guardian Trust Company of Montreal, Canada. This bank alone sends out thousands of monthly price lists to American collectors, dealers and jewelers. By ordering just a few coins at a time, and specifying ordinary mail, the buyer can assure himself of quick and safe delivery.

Why does Moscow go to such lengths to get U.S. cash? Because there is an army of Communist agents who need payment in U.S. dollars. Better to sell gold here, in coined form, at $42 an ounce than in London or Paris, in bar form, at $35. Unwittingly the little old lady who buys a charm for her bracelet and the happy numismatist who buys a new coin for his collection—unwittingly they help to finance the Communist enterprise around the world.

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British Support on Vietnam?

In eight months' time British opinion on what is going on in Vietnam has changed. Today, they buy the American thesis of Communist aggression

JAMES FLETCHER

One of the tasks sometimes assigned to U.S. citizens living abroad by their embassy is defending American foreign policy. In England, the organizing body is the United States Information Service, situated in the eagle-topped embassy in Grosvenor Square. Because the USIS is particularly eager to keep relations between Britain and the U.S. as close as possible, the number of speakers sent out from London in any one week may be quite large. Most of them receive no pay, being recruited for train fare to fill engagements which cannot be filled by embassy officials for reasons of manpower or of discretion. A Rhodes Scholar may address an organization of retired civil servants on "The Structure of American Government." Or a Fulbright lecturer may discuss the race problem before a women's club in Durham. The operation is a large one and the results cannot be estimated because so many variables are involved.

My own initiation into the role of Unofficial Spokesman came in late January. The topic was Vietnam and the program a BBC-TV educational venture called "Spotlight." Two or three of my colleagues on the list from which the BBC eventually got my name specialize in foreign affairs, but with the reticence displayed by most American academics they refused to be involved in anything so damaging as defending American foreign policy. So the task fell to me.

"Spotlight" reaches 10,000 schools, once in a live broadcast and once in a recorded relay the next morning. The audience at home receives the program too, the main viewers being housewives eager for a half-hour of education in world affairs or social issues. The school children viewing have a background lecture beforehand and a discussion period afterwards, the program being the focal point of the afternoon. The responsibility of the speakers is therefore a large one, and their success depends on their working out a style that will be comprehensible to fifteen-year-old students (pretty bright) and not condescending to a somewhat self-conscious at-home audience.

I learned later that I was supposed to have spoken well at a Commonwealth Conference on Race Relations, of which I had never heard and in which I had certainly never participated. This eloquent non-appearance, the sources of which I know nothing, earned me some little reputation as an authority on international affairs. I accepted the BBC's invitation and set about doing my homework on Southeast Asia.

Getting ready proved quite illuminating. The most surprising thing

THE BRITISH SPEA

. . . The only proposal for settling this problem that has come from North Vietnam and her allies is that first, before any conferences or discussion, all United States troops shall leave, and secondly, that the affairs of Vietnam shall be settled in accordance with the principles of the Fatherland Front in the North and the Liberation Front in the South, that is to say, in accordance with the principles of the Communists and the Communists only. . . . It is no good, Honorable Members, disagreeing with me on this because North Vietnam itself makes no secret of this. This was plainly stated by General Giap. It was plainly stated by the Prime Minister of North Vietnam. It has been publicized in the Peking *People's Daily*. This is the Communist program. I believe that if we were to say: we will surrender completely to this demand, you would have shown to all the world that a Communist aggression can succeed and you would have caused the very gravest alarm and concern to every non-Communist country in Asia.

from a speech by Michael Stewart, the British Foreign Secretary, at the Oxford Union Society, June 16, 1965

It is strange, but true, that perhaps the only country in the world in which the indigenous nature of the Vietcong and its political arm, the National Liberation Front (NLF), commands no credibility at all is South Vietnam. The publicly named leaders of the NLF are held in South Vietnam to be incompetent and insignificant persons who have never achieved anything of note in the past. . . . Only the use of threat or force has been effective in securing co-operation from the South Vietnamese people. The Vietcong movement has never enjoyed a broad basis of popular support in South Vietnam and does not do so today.

P. J. Honey, "Vietnam Argument," Encounter, November, 1965

One of the most astounding aspects of the South Vietnam situation in the estimation of observers here is that the Communists have not already achieved their aim of taking over the whole of South Vietnam. If indeed the struggle is for liberation why has there been no uprising on a national scale by a proud and highly intelligent people? Why have all attempts to paralyze Saigon by strike action dismally failed? Why has the Vietnamese Army

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about preparing a defense of American policy in Southeast Asia is the ready supply of original sources in England. A large body of useful information may be had quite easily—and most of it bears out the view of the war held by most Americans.

As I delved into the available materials on the Vietnam conflict, I began to discover a subtle change that has taken place in the British attitude towards the Vietnam war in the last eight months. Two positions have remained consistent: the Labor government has given the U.S. strong moral support and kept its own left wing quiet (well, fairly quiet), and the public at large has not cared about Vietnam at all. (The ignominious showing in the Hull North by-election of the Radical Alliance candidate, who opposed British support of the American commitment, demonstrated not so much an endorsement of the government's foreign policy as a complete lack of interest by the voters in Southeast Asia.) But the consensus in British intellectual circles has changed. A year ago the attitude of the British academic or clergyman or lawyer was likely to be one of despairing disapproval of American intervention in what was thought to be a civil war. Today many of the same people grudgingly acknowledge that the fight has to be made and that "civil war" is a term that cannot be applied to the externally-directed Vietcong subversion.

At Oxford I had heard of the Foreign Secretary's speech the previous summer. Michael Stewart spoke at the Oxford Union, and everyone admitted he had made a good defense of the war against the Vietcong. But the atmosphere was a hostile one. This teach-in was only one of many, and Americans who feel strongly about their commitment to the independence of South Vietnam can be thankful for once that the forums have existed. In England, where a fair amount of common sense and a certain degree of skepticism can be counted as typical mental attributes, the teach-ins work very much against their organizers. Few of the confrontations held since last June have given much comfort to the supporters of American withdrawal. In many cases sponsorship is falling to the supporters of the American position.

Just how much things were changing in the autumn could be seen in the controversies that raged in the newspapers and scholarly journals of the period. *Encounter,* for example, a fairly safe index of informed opinion, suggested the divisions in the academic camp. In October I read an article by Richard Lowenthal; my main reaction was boredom. Much of what Lowenthal said was old hat—the usual assertions about Vietnam (misunderstanding of the Geneva agreement of 1954, belief in the peaceful intentions of China) without supporting facts.

But in the best tradition of English controversialism, retribution came swiftly. Since I had been led to believe that the English as a people think like the American Left, I was surprised and pleased to find two telling refutations of Lowenthal's meanderings. One was a letter from an Indian, Sibnarayan Ray, a member of the Department of Indian Studies at the University of Melbourne. Ray concentrated on dissecting the assumption that the intentions of Communist China are peaceful. His arguments gain force from his nationality and his geographical situation. No Indian can ever let the intentions of Red China—revealed so clearly in the past few years—be easily overlooked; no one living in Australia can avoid sobering thoughts about the rapacious enemy to the north.

The other answer to Lowenthal came from P. J. Honey, Reader in Vietnamese Affairs at the University of London. Honey's name was vaguely familiar to me; he had participated

)UT ON SOUTHEAST ASIA

continued the struggle after appalling losses and moreover still manages to attract volunteers?

These are among the questions that drum through the minds of newcomers to the Vietnam scene. The answers certainly do not lie in any devotion to the successive Saigon governments, in any wish to defend what has been a corrupt, inefficient administration, nor in any desire to adhere to the so-called Western way of life. The answer commonly given is that the war is understood to be what it is —a Communist attempt to unify Vietnam under Communist administration—and the majority of people here are ready to fight to prevent its success. Those people who understand what Communism is are not attracted by its ideology and are repelled by its methods. They do not believe the lot of those in North Vietnam is better than their own.

Michael Wall, Guardian,
January 25, 1966

The people in the village are beginning to learn that if they are in real trouble they can "turn to the Marines." This was how the United States Marine company commander saw the beginnings of another small victory—not in terms of ground captured or enemy killed, but because some simple villagers were hesitantly starting to trust him and his men.

. . . We found countless cases of Marines writing home to their families for toys and clothes to be sent out for the children, and of Marines buying clothes for poor families. On Da Nang waterfront where two young Marines keep a 24-hour radio vigil, three orphan children were sharing their tent with them. A colored soldier has applied to adopt the boy, a bright twelve-year-old, and is already spending $28 a month to clothe, feed, and educate him.

. . . For the politicians and the generals the war here is complex enough. For the ordinary soldier it is deeply perplexing. To be expected to kill and to risk being killed and at the same time to be an ambassador of goodwill and a social worker among the people one is killing is to ask a good deal. From what I have seen of the American Marines in the field they seem to be attempting, and indeed achieving, something which has never been demanded of soldiers before.

Michael Wall, Guardian,
February 7, 1966

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in one or two teach-ins and was respected by his opponents. He speaks Vietnamese, unlike most critics of U.S. policy, and has lived in Vietnam. Honey's debater's points are scored by firsthand information: he asserts most Vietnamese are grateful to the Americans who are defending them; he notes that the Vietcong have no real existence as a national movement; and he corrects many of the misassumptions about the Geneva Agreements. Lowenthal's reply, which appeared in January, dealt mainly with other critics, not with Honey, whose facts were unassailable.

Strangely enough, though, the most useful preparation I had for "Spotlight" was reading the *Guardian*. During the peace offensive of late December and January, it had been a constant delight to read Victor Zorza, the house Kremlinologist. Zorza's method is to read the Moscow, Peking, and Hanoi papers and to draw conclusions. The method in itself is a fine one, but Zorza's conclusions provoke only amusement. Most of January was spent finding hints of peace in the Hanoi press: as the other English papers dutifully reported the increasing numbers of men and supplies being sent into South Vietnam from the north, Zorza squirmed day after day to show how the influx was dwindling, all on the evidence that sources in Hanoi had begun to deny North Vietnam was supplying the Vietcong at all. But came mid-January and with it a new approach by Michael Wall.

Wall serves as a roving foreign correspondent for the *Guardian*. According to Wall, the Vietnamese see the Vietcong as a menace, not as a deliverance. The headlines alone indicate how much the *Guardian's* readers may have been surprised in recent weeks: "Saigon sees Vietcong increasingly dependent on terrorism" and "U.S. Marines winning battle for trust of villagers." A number of people whose political allegiances are at best ambivalent have been having second thoughts over their morning coffee. By January 24, Wall's reports from Saigon had begun to take their toll on the editorial page; *Guardian* comments have become more guarded and Vietnam editorials sometimes take second place. The change has been brought about by Wall's voluminous body of facts and his skilful use of them.

I came to "Spotlight" feeling that I was very much part of the movement of thought. My opponent in the debate that took up part of the program —a lecturer in political science from Bristol University—sensed, I think, that his own position is shakier than it was several months ago. Like many other British leftists, he pins his hopes on a change of opinion in the U.S. It would be a tragedy of major proportions if the case for the American commitment in South Vietnam were to receive less than its due on its home ground while it fares better and better abroad. I suspect, though, that a failure of conviction will not beset the U.S. in the near future. One of the reasons may be the good materials that dispassionate English skeptics like Wall and Honey provide for the debate.

"At least they're not apathetic about your work anymore, Hepburn."

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Letter from Southeast Asia

The American Army in Vietnam

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The American Army is, of course, not the only force fighting against the Communist menace in Vietnam. There are also Koreans and New Zealanders and the valorous Australians, who rarely get the good scrap they relish from the sly and wily Viets. The Australians like to counter imagination with imagination, trick with trick, and cunning with cunning. Together with the New Zealanders they form an ideal supplement, and a crucially important one, to the American armed forces. As a bonus, their non-coms and officers over a certain age have invaluable experience gained in ten years of war against the Communists in Malaya.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

The American view of this war seems to be very similar to the World War II concept, although that war, with its huge battles in the European and African theaters between regular armies, is hardly an ideal pattern for a jungle conflict in which the aggressor is a quasi-revolutionary guerrilla force combining civil war tactics with gangster methods. Even so, the American program of World War II—"outnumber and outproduce 'em"—though not ideally suited to the present emergency, is not altogether inapplicable. Imagine river pirates in motor boats attacking a land force with almost limitless resources. Once roads have been built along the shores amphibious cars thrown into the battle, mines laid and shore batteries mounted, the attackers will find themselves in an increasingly difficult position. In Vietnam, it must be remembered, the aggressors had *twenty years* to lay the material and practical foundations for this war: the trails, the caches, the subterranean fortresses, the watchtowers, the network of jungle paths, of village informers, of espionage agents in the cities. All this they inherited from the Vietminh who fought the French. Now the South Vietnamese army must restore its shattered morale and the Americans have to learn not one, but innumerable tactical and strategic lessons.

Why, it is sometimes asked, do the Americans not adapt themselves more thoroughly and methodically to the Vietcong method of waging war? For one thing, a nation and, even more, an army has its traditions, its own genius. In World War II the Americans showed that they had learned from World War I not to waste manpower. Now in Vietnam, every imaginable precaution is taken by the American Army to preserve the lives of its soldiers. I have seen in action the fantastic cooperation among the "choppers," the shortwave radio operators, the medical corpsmen, the doctors, and the field hospitals. Often a man who has been hit by the enemy is on the operating table within fifteen minutes.

Wall of Iron

A French missionary stationed in the Kontum district, a Vietcong-infested area, told me: "This is not an army; this is a machine!" The point is well taken. Very little, if anything, is left to chance by the Americans. A great deal of most careful planning has built up an armed establishment and the machine grows every day. It is becoming a wall of iron against which the Vietcong hammer in mounting despair.

But machines are worthless without men and the men behind the American war machine are most impressive. America, the best of America, is embodied in the United States troops here. In my contacts in the American camps I had, for the first time, a genuine feeling of regret that I was not an American and no longer a young man. These men are simple, hard-working, courageous, matter-of-fact, dedicated; they lead, in a way, a monastic existence; they represent everything the American peacenik does not.

But are they going to win? Will their machine beat back the indigenous marauder? It depends a great deal on what sacrifices will be made on both sides: how much machinery will be poured in by one side and how many men by the other.

The armies of the Allies (U.S.A., South Vietnam, Australia, New Zealand, Korea) thoroughly control areas that are like islands in a shark-infested sea. The night outside belongs almost entirely to the Vietcong and even daytime travel is hazardous. Watching from a pillbox with a Vietnamese soldier in possession of a radio transmitter and receiver I saw —a ghostly vision—a relief column going from Saigon to Bien-Hoa, traveling at terrific speed, a snake-like fortress on wheels with blazing lights, sirens and mounted machine guns. Actually the "chopper," the dive-bomber, and the radio transmitter bear the brunt of the machine war.

The number of villages manned by "Popular Forces" and the number of townships defended by "Regional Forces," all equipped with transmitters or walkie-talkies, is being increased constantly. If attacked, they can be sure of relief within twenty minutes. If it happens to be nighttime the rescue party, dropping flares and bombs, is often supplemented by parachutists. The record of the defensive forces is good. They usually resist well, often heroically. But if a hamlet is undefended there is not much its inhabitants can do but surrender their cash, their rice, and their young men to the extortioners, who tax them infinitely more heavily than either the French or their own government ever did. The Allied aim eventually is to group the entire population in fortified or defensible places. Areas that are officially evacuated are bombed and strafed by artillery at irregular intervals.

Will this strategy win the war? Eventually I am sure it will. The tide will turn once the feeling becomes general that the Vietcong are the losers, that the Allies are going to win. Certain signs indicate Vietcong morale is crumbling, but the *sauve qui peut* has not yet been sounded. It will be, I am certain.

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Does It Help To Be a Milleniarist?

On Optimism and the Optimists

GARRY WILLS

If, as many think, the UN is dying before our eyes, the coroner's verdict may well be: Killed with kindness. A messianic optimism said that this organization was the only hope for settling world problems; it must, therefore, be preserved at all costs. But the cost of preserving the great problem-solver has been, ironically, to insulate it from all contact with problems that might cause it to fail. It has become itself one of the problems needing solution. Those who expect most of it can, in any crisis (e.g., the dues crisis), ask least of it. The celestial machinery is maintained so that it may solve all problems *some day;* but it must be prevented from trying its hand at a few of them right now, since imperfect practice might spoil its perfect promise. Things that matter to anyone—disarmament, Hungary, Suez, Berlin, Lebanon, Goa, Cuba, Vietnam—are too gritty to be submitted to this crystalline model of harmony.

Rhapsodic UN Rhetoric

The rhetoric used about the UN continues to be rhapsodic; indeed, religious. But, like all radical optimism, this hope is born of unmanageable fear, of a weakness that cannot be faced and countered realistically. With an apocalyptic escapism, men treat the UN as our "last best hope," the one magic charm that just might work. Cling to it, close your eyes, and hope. Do not make prudential arrangements, explore alternatives, risk other methods, or face real disagreements. Just keep chanting "last best hope."

This dependence on one technique is, from the outset, a confession of failure. Those who must resort to an all-or-nothing reliance on one organizational method—on the *method,* not on the consensus that might make it viable (and therefore make other efforts viable)—are retreating from the laborious effort of making imperfect minds mesh, seeking relief in their trust that the right belief in some kind of machinery will work all by itself. Men turn to the inevitable, unwilled working of a system—to the wind or the wave of history—only when they despair of truly *human* intervention in man's own affairs.

The incantatory last-best-hopism of political optimists resembles the self-hypnosis of the semi-religious therapists who minister to the "nervous," the weak, the despondent. Emile Coué, for instance, had Americans of the twenties chant that they were improving every day in every way, trying to bluff the cosmos by sheer assertion. (Who but Emile Coué could have written "There can be no place for the poor in spirit, the skeptics, the pessimists, the sad of heart, the weary and the immobilists"? But E. C. did not write it. Who did?)

Dale Carnegie in the forties and Norman Vincent Peale in the fifties gave Couéism a new rhetoric, of self-salesmanship and "positive thinking." But it was the same old message—cling to some method for achieving all one's hopes, and systematically ignore anything that suggests the method will not work. (Who but Dale Carnegie could have written to a businessman: "Because your undertaking—which I take to be perfectly legitimate—is going well, a little more health is being spread in the human mass, and in consequence a little more liberty to act, to think and to love"? Who but Norman Vincent Peale could have given us this oleaginous slogan: "It is not a *tête-à-tête* or a *corps-à-corps* that we need; it is a heart-to-heart"? But D.C. and N.V.P. did not write these maxims. Who did?)

Peale and Dale Carnegie catered to harassed individualists—salesmen and apprehensive businessmen unable to cope with their own ideals of success and initiative. But the dynamics of a frightened optimism can be directed toward a *social* vision too—as in the superstitious hopefulness that is killing the UN with kindness. Milleniarists, Joachites, Adamites, Brethren of the Free Spirit, theosophists; Comenius' "pansophy," Auguste Comte's "religion of humanity," H. G. Wells' "world brain," the B'hai Faith—the "higher optimisms" take many forms. Most of these social visions try to perfect a formula whose major ingredients are *science* and *religion*—a blending of meliorism and messianism, of prosperity and asceticism, of the best from this world and the next. Some people do not see the connection between the vulgar sloganeers and the higher optimists. They like to believe that, come what may, *professors* cannot be taken in (and that, believe me, is real optimism). But even educated people know fear; and there is no reason why they should have escaped the temptation to soothe their fears with a methodical self-hypnosis that works so well in its cruder forms. There are traces of this optimist escapism all around us. Comte's "religion of humanity" has been refurbished by men like Julian Huxley and Arnold Toynbee. Pitirim Sorokin founded the Harvard Center of Creative Altruism to transform the world with "love-force." But though the Center began building its psychic cyclotrons in 1949, no mushroom from its attempts at spiritual fission has lifted itself on the horizon. (Who, by the way, but Pitirim Sorokin would rhapsodize over the fact that "wrested out of ourselves by the force of a collective passion, we have a sense of rising to a higher level of human existence"? By now you must suspect that P.S. did *not* write that. But who did?)

Update on Peale?

Reality breaks in upon a Toynbee and a Sorokin. Neither is the perfect optimist, relying with a total faith on his nostrum. One is tempted to think that no man of any depth can direct a Couéistic hope toward a vision of inevitable harmony, that "a profound Peale" is a contradiction in terms—until one turns to the author of those quotations I have scattered through the preceding paragraphs. The words sounded, did they not, as if they were written by Coué or Carnegie, Peale or Sorokin? But they were, in fact, written by the late Jesuit priest, Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. Teilhard

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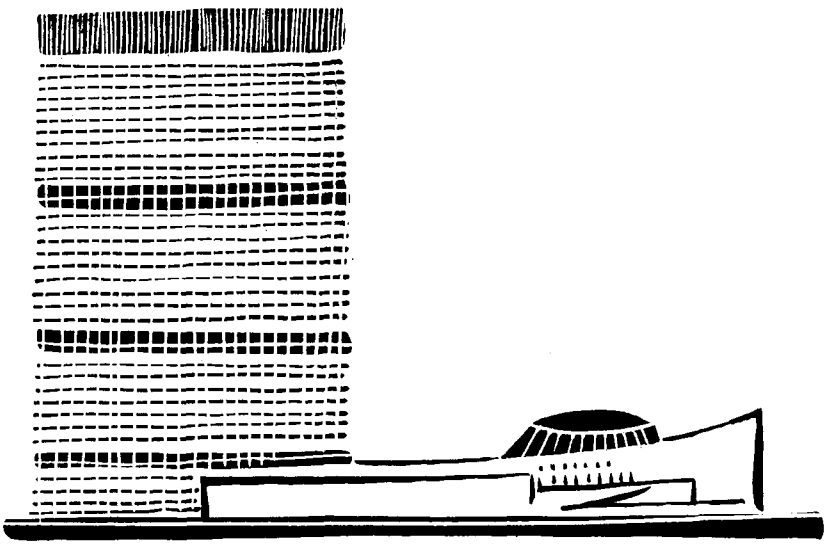
is a publishing phenomenon in the class of Peale. But he is popular with scholars as well as salesmen. London journalist Neville Braybrooke even claimed, presumably with a straight face, that those who wanted to visit President Kennedy were regularly admonished that they had better read Teilhard first. He was on one of those amusing lists of current readings released to the press by Robert McNamara when McNamara graduated out of Dale Carnegie's business world. He is probably the most prestigious of current intellectual fashions—which tells us something important about ourselves.

The optimist will, of course, take the popularity of this abstruse scientific visionary as a sign that his theories are true, that man is being transformed into "ultra-man" at a dizzying rate, reading Teilhard's opaque prose throughout the transformation. But a less self-flattering interpretation is also possible; there has been, recently, an "escalation" of the yearning for peace, accompanied by a raising of the threshold of vulgarity. Peale no longer serves; optimism, like everything else, must become ever more sophisticated in order to survive. And Teilhard, priest and paleontologist, was the ideal man for combining the scientism and the religiosity that are staples of all higher optimism. Centuries ago, the elder Pliny observed that fancy bits of Greek are the natural language of the mystifier-therapist. People are obscurely comforted by words like "panpsychism" or "pansophy"—or "Omega"—much as they are inexplicably comforted by the thought that their deodorant contains "XY-90," whatever that is.

The cheap optimism of a Peale obviously grows out of the need to soothe middle class anxieties. Does Teilhard's far more radical optimism suggest, like the mystique of the UN, some deeper sense of historical inadequacy? I think so. His overwrought language arises out of a profound resistance to the destructive implications of change. His earliest memories were printed deep by terror. His mother cut a lock of his hair and threw it into the fire; he watched, horrified, as part of him disappeared. He tells us that he worshiped a piece of iron because at least *it* could not be destroyed—only to learn, with a shock, about oxidation. His entire life was devoted to denying the obliterative vistas these experiences opened for him. His theory is framed to repeat in a thousand ways that nothing dies, nothing is lost. Even matter is "saved" by its transformation into something higher. Oxidation is part of the iron's "redemption."

The defeatest-escapist paradox of optimism haunts Teilhard's work. He seems to praise the world of matter, but only because it is changing into something else. He looks forward to "Omega," when all matter will have undergone what he calls the "translation or dematerialization" of the universe, when his first god of iron will have become truly indestructible. He loves not man, but the "ultra-man" he is becoming. Like the escapist admirer of the UN, he loves a promise, not a present reality. He thinks in a perspective of pre-history and post-history which makes it unnecessary to deal with the messy particulars of our time (about which he was very poorly informed).



Carnegie and Peale tried to treat God as if He were a soothing application; but only Teilhard succeeds in inventing a nostrum that is literally all-inclusive, a process that is, at one and the same time, God and man and evolution. Nothing escapes the benevolent force that drives us forward, a force that Teilhard describes, with Coué's own hypnotic persistence, as irreversible, irresistible, inexorable, ineluctable. Of course, he must ignore a thousand difficulties in order to believe in this panacean process. The difficulties are scientific (essential to his system is a *sub-atomic* evolution for which there is no evidence), philosophical (for him evil is only the friction of progress), and theological (basic doctrines of the creed he professed—like the devil, hell, and a persistence of a biblical "anti-Christ" principle until the "last time"—are absolutely incompatible with his views). But those mesmerized by celestial machinery never have any trouble ignoring inconvenient realities that refuse to submit to its magic. Teilhard did not counter these objections, or even countenance them; he simply refused to think about them—just as, during the nightmare of the deathkilns, he praised all the good effects of totalitarianism (which helps "unanimize" man) and shut out any reference to the annihilation of the Jews. Nothing dies.

This is the betrayal that optimism leads to: it ignores *and nurtures* evil. It slips easily away from the hard effort of facing tragedy and coping with it. (Teilhard rebuked the "morbid" existentialists, who *had* looked at Europe's agony, for their obsolete interest in tragedy.) The optimist deserts his fellow when the real world threatens his little dream-world. His sin is not one of hope, but of desperation. Unless the cure-all cures, nothing does. Perfection, or nothing. Which means, for all the lyric chanting about Omega, nothing. It is a sad vision, this desperate dream of the optimists. After its literally blinding brilliance, only the saving darkness of the tragedians can restore our sight. And our hope.

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Has the Fifth Amendment Become a Menace to Human Rights?

Have the protections afforded by the Fifth been overextended by judicial interpretation? Yes, says the author, and this is why

PARK CHAMBERLAIN

Few would be so narrow or provincial as to maintain that a fair and enlightened system of justice would be impossible without . . . . immunity from compulsory self-incrimination. . . . This too might be lost, and justice still be done. Indeed, today as in the past there are students of our penal system who look upon the immunity as a mischief rather than a benefit, and who would limit its scope, or destroy it altogether. No doubt there would remain the need to give protection against torture, physical or mental. . . . Justice, however, would not perish if the accused were subject to a duty to respond to orderly inquiry.

—Mr. Justice Benjamin Nathan Cardozo, in *Palko* v. *Connecticut*, 302 U. S. 319, at p. 325.

On August 28, 1955, near the little town of Money, Mississippi, two husky white men dragged a Negro boy of fourteen from the home of his protesting relatives, drove him away in a truck, beat him, shot him to death, and threw his body into a creek. The boy, whose name was Emmett Till, was a visitor from Chicago; unaware of the seriousness of the offense, he had been rude to a white woman. The kidnaper-killers were Roy Bryant and J. W. Milan, her husband and brother-in-law.

Till's body was not discovered for some days, but in the meantime the alerted local police questioned Bryant and Milan. Mindful of the civil liberties of the suspects, the police scrupulously kept the questioning within constitutional limits, and were told no more than that Till had been abducted and beaten, but that he had subsequently been turned loose.

After his body was found, Bryant and Milan were brought to trial for murder. They took sanctuary in their Fifth Amendment right not to testify, and as the evidence against them was otherwise scant, they were acquitted. Later they frankly admitted their guilt to author-reporter William Bradford Huie who presented their confession in detail in *Look* Magazine of January 22, 1957. Nevertheless, at the present time, Bryant and Milan are free men and threatened with no legal reprisals.

To any thoughtful American, the Till case was shameful. Every such American knows that Emmett Till, like each and every other human being, was a child of God, and endowed by God with inalienable rights to his life and his liberty, and he knows also that it was the duty of government to keep those rights secure. Yet here, government had failed not only in its primary duty to protect Till's life; it had failed even in its secondary duty to bring his murderers to justice. Why? Because the Bill of Rights provides that *"No person . . . . shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself . . .,"* a prohibition that was meticulously honored by the arresting police and the trial court. Bryant and Milan avoided the searching cross-examination that would have produced either the admissions that would have brought them a conviction for murder, or the lies that would have brought a conviction for perjury. The result was a resounding triumph for civil liberties and a crushing defeat for human rights.

The thoughtful American naturally wonders why this should be so. Why, he asks, should human rights be sacrificed to "civil liberties"? Rather, should not human rights come first, and should not "civil liberties" be protected only insofar as is consistent with the preservation of human rights? To be sure, by the time of trial, Emmett Till was dead, and therefore no longer had any rights; nevertheless, the future was and is still full of Emmett Tills, and would not their present rights be more secure if Emmett Till's past rights had been vindicated by a conviction of their violators? To be specific, would not a conviction have encouraged white men to be more respectful of human rights in Mississippi? For Emmett Till's case is not the only triumph for civil liberties and defeat for human rights that has debased or exalted (depending on your view of the relative value of civil liberties and human rights) the name of Mississippi; had more emphasis been placed upon human rights in the Till case, might not freedom workers Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney possibly be alive today?

My answer to all these questions is Yes, and I would ask the thoughtful American to consider this, too, which is even more serious. Suppose that Emmett Till had not been murdered, but had merely been beaten, and was being held somewhere against his will by a confederate of Bryant and Milan. His then *living* rights would have demanded that his agents and servants, the police, speedily rescue him. To that end the first steps that these police-servants

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would have been duty-bound to take was the questioning of the men who had dragged him away under the eyes of many witnesses. But there, once again, the rights of Emmett Till would have been defeated if the abductors refused to talk. No suspect need utter a word to a questioning policeman, and the Fifth Amendment forbids compelling an unwilling suspect to testify under oath before a magistrate. Such is the law: is the law, then, an ass? If Bryant and Milan had proved thus obdurate, should not the individual rights of Emmett Till (or any kidnaped person) compel his defenders, the police, to use all reasonable means to save his life, and should not such means include the questioning of his kidnapers under oath before a magistrate? Here in the balance are poised the basic human rights of a kidnaped person against the "civil liberties" of the kidnapers—and our Bill of Rights, according to our Supreme Court, tips the balance heavily in favor of the violators of human rights. Should this be so?

The Elastic Fifth

But this is not all. Suppose that Emmett Till had been rescued, had recovered from his injuries, and had sued Bryant and Milan in a civil court for his medical expenses and other damages. Once again, the current view of the Fifth Amendment would have prevented him from questioning Bryant and Milan under oath; once again, his basic human rights—in this case, to be made whole—would have been declared inferior to the "civil liberties" of his tormentors.

I have spoken many times of this subject over the air and to various audiences, one at least composed exclusively of members of the American Civil Liberties Union. I have presented the case of Emmett Till, and I have then posed the question: Why? Why should we have in our Bill of Rights a provision which can so effectively frustrate the defense of human rights? And the answer from my audiences? Mostly no answers—merely unhappy reactions to this effect: "Well, yes, the anti-incrimination privilege may sometimes work out badly but surely it must be a wonderful thing, we have had it so long, and probably it must do more good than harm in the long run."

But does it? I think that it does not. We shall see more killers of Negroes go free, and we shall see more killers of whites go free, and the result will be more killing of both by both. For while I have hitherto mentioned only the example of Emmett Till, it is nevertheless true that white and colored people in New York City or Washington D.C. have just as much right to stroll in their public parks at night without being mugged or robbed or murdered as white and colored people have in the South to enjoy their rights to their lives and property and votes. And to the extent that the constitutional privilege against self-incrimination prevents whites *or* Negroes from enjoying their basic human rights *anywhere,* this constitutional provision is not good but evil.

So much for the moment for defendants in criminal cases. Although the provision in the Fifth Amendment was drafted to apply only to such cases, it has been expanded by judicial decision to cover the case of any witness who testifies under oath in any kind of formal governmental proceeding. The witness whom you subpena to help you win damages for your personal injuries, the witness you subpena to establish your innocence in a criminal case, the witness before a grand jury proceeding, the witness in a legislative investigation —all now have the privilege.

And all have abused it. Let us look first to its use in frustrating the defense of the citizen against corruption or oppression in government. For centuries, this defense has been intrepidly conducted by that body of citizens known as the grand jury, which, like the trial jury, is composed of unofficial people—ordinary citizens temporarily called away from their usual occupations to see to it, among other things, that their fellow citizens are not misruled. The prime weapon of the grand jury is the right of subpena and interrogation—the right to call persons before it and question them under oath. But, according to present-day doctrine, all persons so questioned have the privilege of refusing to answer upon "taking the Fifth."

To outflank the Fifth Amendment, the disappointed citizenry has therefore resorted to the so-called immunity statutes, which promise a witness immunity from prosecution for his part in any crime he might expose by his testimony. To be sure, there are objections to this procedure; it has been asked, for instance, "Why should a faithless official win what amounts to a pardon by merely confessing his crimes?" In spite of such questions, and without answering them, the Supreme Court has up till now relentlessly adjudged the rights of the faithless official to be superior to the rights of the wronged citizen, and will allow no compulsory questioning unless immunity is assured. Note that I said "up till now"—for the situation is getting worse: in a recent case (*Ullman* v. *United States,* 350 U.S. 422) dissenting Justices Black and Douglas insisted that no one should be compelled to testify *even* if granted immunity. If the Douglas-Black view should prevail in the future, then the grand jury may as well go out of business.

Malign Influence Grows

What an anomalous development, inasmuch as both the anti-incrimination clause and the investigative power of the grand jury had the same original purpose—namely, to protect the citizen against oppressive government—and yet today the former is inexorably canceling out the latter. Bad government, in short, has found its shield against the wrath of the people in the clause of the Bill of Rights that is meant to protect the people against bad government!

Furthermore, when the effect of the anti-incrimination clause upon cases such as Emmett Till's is combined with its effect upon grand jury investigations into oppressive government, we find that its malign influence doubles—in the one case it prevents the agents of government from protecting our rights, and in the other it encourages the agents of government to violate our rights!

But that is not all. I have mentioned that the privilege was available even to the witness whom you subpena to establish your innocence in a criminal case. The Constitution by its Sixth Amendment guarantees you the right to compel the attendance of such a witness. But when he appears, he can laugh away the Sixth Amendment by citing the Fifth—in short, he can refuse to testify and let

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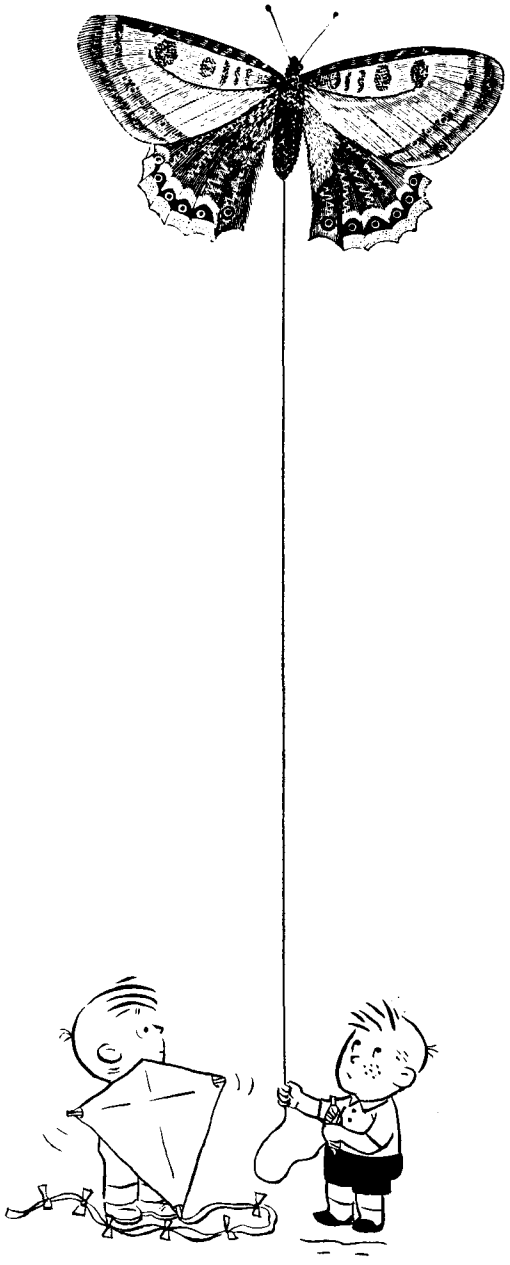
you go to jail—or even to the electric chair. He need only claim that his testimony may incriminate him of something, and the courts appear to assume that, whatever he may have in mind, it is more important that he be allowed to conceal his guilt than that you be allowed to prove your innocence. Appellate courts have approved of convictions in such shocking circumstances.

Just as the application of this anti-incrimination privilege is deemed more vital than the protection of our most basic human rights, more vital than the protection of the individual against oppressive government, so too is it deemed more vital than due process of law for the accused on trial! Surely, never has a concept of "civil liberty" grown into such a menace to our inalienable rights!

Happily, most of the evils that I have described need no constitutional amendment for their correction, since the original clause of the Fifth Amendment was meant to apply only to the accused on trial. All extension to witnesses in other proceedings has been by judicial decree, and can be restricted by judicial decree—which means ultimately the Supreme Court of the United States. To this Court—if it should come to agree with this critique of the anti-incrimination privilege, I offer the following propositions as a basis for revision:

The primary purpose of government is the preservation of the inalienable rights of the individual to his life, his liberty, and his pursuit of happiness. To help accomplish this sacred mission, it is the duty of people not in government to volunteer all relevant information, and the duty of people in government to secure such information from the non-cooperative. One vital means of securing it is by compulsory, oath-bound interrogation. This interrogation must never be accompanied by bullying, torture, indefinite imprisonment or other means immoral in themselves; on the other hand, any refusal to respond to interrogation on the grounds of possible self-incrimination must be considered in the light of the refuser's position and the expected value of his testimony. A kidnaper whose admissions might lead to the rescue of his victim is one example; another is the fiduciary who prefers not to give an accounting to the widow whose funds he is managing; another is the faithless public servant whose testimony might lead to the recovery of public funds; another is the witness whose failure to testify might send an innocent man to the gallows; and still another is the harassed ex-Communist before a legislative investigating committee, whose testimony is expected to furnish a guide to anti-Communist legislation. In determining the rights of such witnesses to the privilege of silence, among the questions to be asked and answered are: Who is the witness and why should he be morally entitled to decline to cooperate in the defense of our basic individual rights? Secondly, how urgent is his testimony to the defense of such rights? Thirdly, what will be the result to him if he is compelled to testify, as compared to the good it will do for others?

In short, I urge first, that we reaffirm our belief that the purpose of government is the preservation of our inalienable rights, and second, that we henceforth apply a rule of reason to determine the means to be used for such preservation. If we do this, we shall not again see any provision of our Constitution wielded as a weapon for the destruction of these very rights.



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Keeping Up with the Caballeros

An anthropological disquisition on how gentlemen in Spain go about handling what might otherwise be a sticky social situation. Olé!

PETER CRUMPET

Spain, as any Spaniard will tell you, is the last remaining nation with a modicum of good manners. To initiate a telephone call is supreme bad manners. In Spain it may yet be declared a criminal offense. If one rings somebody at his home, chances are the man is napping, or has just dipped into a warm bath out of which he must now drip. The telephone is a merciless contraption. Shrill with self-importance, it shows no consideration for anybody. People who telephone you are almost invariably those with whom you have no desire to speak.

In Spain, the offensiveness of a telephone call is compounded by the conditions of a graceful way of life fast disappearing elsewhere. Picture a gentleman at 9:30 in the evening settling down to a whiskey and water and his evening newspaper. He has put in a hard day at the partridge fields. He has massaged his weary limbs in a happily uninterrupted bath, powdered and pomaded his freshly shaven face, and now he's dressed in pyjamas and bathrobe, a wonderful lassitude pervades his spirit. Ring-ring-ring.

Ringalingling!

If the callee happens to be sitting in the living room, you can bet the telephone is situated anywhere else—say in an adjacent parlor—because the national telephone company is ingenious in placing its contraptions wherever they are least accessible. Ring-ring-ring. There is also an installation in the kitchen, but that one is useless. There are four or five domestic servants loitering in the immediate area, but in Spain servants qualify for their careers by producing a certificate attesting to almost total deafness.

Ringalingling! There is no escape from the damnable persistence of a telephone. It requires of the callee that he rise from his comfortable sofa and walk perhaps as many as ten paces to the nearest bell button. This he must depress hard many times. He is competing against not only the telephone but a flamenco radio program in the kitchen tuned up the usual full blast. The poor parlor maid finally distinguishes the summons and comes running. I say poor parlor maid, because kitchens in Spain are generally located a country mile from dining and living quarters, in order to give food the opportunity to cool. The maid arrives in coronary condition.

But it is hardly less a breach of manners to telephone anybody in Spain at his office. If the callee has no secretary, he must interrupt his reading of the morning paper in order to silence the importunate machine. If he has a secretary, she will interrupt him with a message anyhow, because nobody in Spain, whether bill-collector or the humblest office boy, honors a closed door. Knowing that a man has a secretary makes one's telephone call ruder still. Secretaries in this country do not take dictation, hardly type, bring chaos to any filing cabinet, and never remember appointments. They are hired because of their competence in delivering telephone messages. The caller, therefore, knows for certain that the callee has been properly informed who is on the line. If the callee does not respond, for whatever reason, then the caller has forced him into an act of discourtesy often sinful as well. The callee is "out," a gentle fib. The callee is sitting on the john, an unpleasant fib that implies an immediate return call anyway. Or the callee is "busy," which may be true but sounds unpardonable.

It is said that Spaniards spend more time on the telephone than any other people. This is not accurate. They spend more time off the telephone, or beyond reach of it, than any other people. The incidence of successfully completed calls is less than 2 per cent of those initiated. Gently bred Spaniards avoid use of the contraption.

The real aristocrats of this country write to each other. Letters afford the recipient leisure. He can delay splitting open the envelope. He can pretend the mailman was slow. He can dawdle over a reply for any number of easily fabricated reasons.

The True Hidalgo

The late, lamentable Sr. D. José María Puig de Valladolid, Excelentísimo Conde de Caballerosidad, was renowned as the most impeccably mannered gentleman in Spain, very much of that old, fine school in which *gente bien educada* rarely studied anything at all. Caballerosidad was a most distinguished aristocrat. He owned vast estates that he rarely visited. Prominent on the boards of the most powerful banks, combines and cartels, Caballerosidad confined himself to accepting his substantial honorariums without inquiring into details, thus demonstrating his superiority over that wretched functionary class that takes trade seriously. But let us not mistake Caballerosidad. He was no mere yachtsman and polo player. José María was an accomplished shot, known for his uncanny ability to retrieve perhaps twice the number of birds he actually hit. Often, as he was snatching somebody's game from right under the man's nose, have I heard José María lecture his less polished shooting companion on the importance of being and acting like a true *hidalgo*. *Hidalgo* is a potent word in Spain, but of recondite origins. Best expert opinion (Caballerosidad's) holds that it is a contraction of *hijo de algo*, son of something-or-other, so that to be

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truly *hidalgo* by blood, upbringing, and comportment, is to prove oneself son-of-something rather than -other.

It was some months back that José María planned a glittering dinner for his niece and goddaughter, María de Pilar Guadalupe y Fátima, Excelentísima Condesa de Guarro, who was

announcing her engagement to Farr Ignatius Dough. As Dough remains principally American, despite extensive sojourns abroad, my wife and I were included in the guest list.

José María did *not* use the telephone to invite us. Instead, he wrote me a letter, which he sent over by hand:

Peter Crumpet 3 November, 1965
Espalter, 2
Madrid

Querido Peter:
How are you and Betsy?
Sincerely,
José María Caballerosidad

To which I replied, in leisured due course, sending over my valet with the letter:

5 November, 1965
Sr. D. José María Puig de Valladolid
Excmo. Conde de Caballerosidad
General Sanjurjo, 6
Madrid

Dear José María:
Just fine, thank you! How are you and Navidad?

The initiator of correspondence has an obligation to be prompt. That same afternoon, José María replied, despatching his first footman with the message:

Peter Crumpet 5 November, 1965
Espalter, 2 Por la tarde
Madrid

Querido Peter:
We couldn't be better, thank you! Navidad is distressed by the increasing influence of vulgar merchants, but she is otherwise in excellent health.
Salpica de la Lengua tells me that Betsy is suffering from the gout. Is this possible?
Sincerely,
José María Caballerosidad

You will note that a gentleman never monopolizes a conversation. José María left a break, permitting me to scotch the canard *instigated* by one of my wife's mortal enemies. I sent my message by hand, using Betsy's personal maid:

Sr. D. José María Puig de Valladolid
Excmo. Conde de Caballerosidad
General Sanjurjo, 6

Dear José María:
Of course not! Her foot, however, is quite swollen. I am thinking of taking her to Switzerland after Christmas, where the cool snows may diminish the inflammation and where there are numbers of bone specialists.
Sincerely,
Peter

A gentleman expresses immediate concern for the afflictions of his friends. José María sent over his by a second footman:

6 November, 1965
Peter Crumpet
Espalter, 2
Madrid

My dear Peter:
But she must be in bad pain, then! Where do you plan to stay in Switzerland? What clinic will you use? I have many medical acquaintances there. One must be cautious about Swiss medicine. There are as many *arrivistes* of dubious recommendation as legitimate practitioners.
May I recommend one of the latter to you?
Sincerely,
José María Caballerosidad

This was not only generous of José María, but you will remark on the delicacy of his suggestion. A gentleman offers his services with a proper air of diffidence, so as not to seem patronizing. I wrote José María the very next morning, sending my letter by the children's governess:

7 November, 1965
Sr. D. José María Puig de Valladolid
Excmo. Conde de Caballerosidad
General Sanjurjo, 6
Madrid

Dear José María:
How very kind of you! We would be delighted to have your recommendations!
Sincerely,
Peter

Now he felt free to impart his counsel, which he sent by his Chief Gamekeeper, who left bloody tracks on the carpet of our foyer:

9 November, 1965
Peter Crumpet
Espalter, 2
Madrid

Dear Peter:
I am so sorry to have replied tardily. Yesterday and the day before, being Saturday and Sunday, I was shooting. We bagged 1,776 partridges. I was fortunate to retrieve 475, although there were twelve guns.
I would recommend M. Jean de Mouchoir, who lives in Saanenmoser. He is an excellent doctor, I can assure you. His father is the Duke de Mouchoir—no Bonapartist! His mother was my dear cousin, the Countess of Hosen-Hosen, of the collateral Habsburg line. His father's father was the fifth, no, the sixth cousin once dethroned of the Moravia Royal House. As you can see, he has every medical qualification.
Sincerely,
José María Caballerosidad

A gentleman does not pursue his objective with inordinate haste. José María would never presume. He therefore gave me his recommendation and closed the letter, counting on my reply, which, somewhat desperately, I sent by our alcoholic cook:

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Sr. D. José María Puig de Valladolid
Excmo. Conde de Caballerosidad
General Sanjurjo, 6
Madrid

Dear José María:
I do want to thank you for your attentiveness in offering me the name of Doctor Mouchoir. Betsy will be so relieved to wrap up her troubles in him.
You must pardon what may appear to be a dilatory response, but seeing as how the past two days were Tuesday and Wednesday, I have been shooting. We killed 1,863 partridges. I was fortunate to retrieve three, because there were twelve guns, all masters of the sprint.
By the way, I read in the ABC that last night you celebrated the engagement of your charming goddaughter, María Guarro, to Farr Ignatius Dough. May I felicitate the couple through you?
Sincerely,

Peter Crumpet

At this, José María resorted to the mails:

15 November, 1965

Peter Crumpet
Espalter, 2
Madrid

Querido Peter:

As the past three days were Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, I was, of course, shooting, and I could not attend to your cordial note until now. We bagged 2,979 partridges. I was fortunate indeed to retrieve 598, especially as I slept through three of the fifteen drives.
Yes, last Wednesday night we celebrated the happy enlacement. They will make a charming couple. I was pleased to embrace Mr. Dough as one of our family. Oddly enough, he complained right after that of missing his wallet.
Alas, the purpose of my interruption of your peace was to ask whether you and Betsy could join us last Wednesday night. What a shame that you were unable to attend!
With best wishes, I remain your faithful friend and obedient servant,

José María Puig de Valladolid
Conde de Caballerosidad

José María really did not want us at his dinner, you see, and we didn't want to go anyhow. But by means of this correspondence, we remained, until yesterday, on the friendliest footing. Yesterday, however, we happened to be shooting together in butts side-by-side. The rascal stole six of my birds after the first drive, and when I retaliated by pinching ten of his after the second drive, he turned his back on me (so as not to insult me to my face) and called me a bloody thief, to which I replied that he was a no-good poaching scoundrel who could not hit his venerable mother at ten yards, to which he replied with both barrels at five yards and, unaccountably, perhaps because of his noble indignation, missed me. Fortunately, my indignation was less nobly motivated so that my aim was steadier. I am this evening sending Excma. Condesa de Caballerosidad a missive, through my lawyer, expressing deepest regrets for not being able to attend the good Count's burial. I tried to telephone, but she was not at home.

The Song of the Mechanized Shepherd

They've built a pink motel there now
On the isle of Innisfree,
And a hamburger stand in the promised land
That used to call to me.
For we have arisen and gone now
And passed a winding way
From the Angelus' sound to the proving ground
And have seen the Bodensee.

O we've all said Yes to Progress
And downed a lusty beer;
If we had a doubt to think about,
It perished in a cheer.
For we have learned of comradeship
And why to shun the One—
It's Unity now, class consciousness,
And All of us, or none!

The leaves blow by and somehow I
Revert to the bad old days
When one saw a steeple, and even people
Who clung to eccentric ways.
But they were paid as Progress' price
And the leaders gave us reasons . . .
Enough. No more! I would grow lean
As I assailed the seasons.

So in our new Society
Where solitude's a sin,
The walls around the old men spin
A web of Victory Gin.
Now they unheeded cry and unneeded die
As the rank files march by,
Yet to those marchers numb still sing some few
Of what is past, or passing, or to come anew.

HAL WOMACK

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Revisiting the Riviera

ALEC WAUGH

"Oh, but I couldn't go there *now*. I so loved it *then*. I couldn't bear to see it changed." How often have I not heard that said; yet personally I keep returning to the places where I lingered in the thirties. It is not, it is very far from being, a masochistic search for the bittersweet *lacrimae rerum*—"the heartbreak at the heart of things"—in the discovery that the meadow where I picnicked is cluttered with council cottages, that the view of a far headland from a hotel bedroom has been blocked by a many-chimneyed factory, that I now have to pause for breath on the steep path from the railway station up which I hurried so eagerly for a pre-prandial Pernod, that the swim to the lighthouse on the rocks is beyond my powers. On the contrary, for me the return to familiar landscapes is more than anything a stocktaking of myself, and nowhere do I get that sense of reassessment more acutely than on the French Riviera between Cannes and Monte Carlo, particularly in Nice and Villefranche.

I started going there regularly in 1929. Villefranche, with its pastel-colored houses, cut back into the rock and rising steeply from the waterfront, was then a quiet fishing village except when a man o' war—French, American or British—was anchored in the harbor. It has been described in Glenway Wescott's *Good-by Wisconsin* and it was in its Welcome Hotel that the lovers in *Tender Is the Night* paused on their drive to Monte Carlo. Then only a short succession of bars lined the short road that ended abruptly a hundred yards beyond the Welcome, beside a sea-water tank where the fishermen kept their lobsters. If you wanted to get to the beach below the railway you had to climb back into the town. No cars were allowed along the waterfront. The fishermen spread out their nets to dry there, and in the evening the local girls with their dark hair worn loose upon their shoulders would stroll in couples, while on the wide steps beside the Welcome the young men would sit in silence, watching them.

Summer after summer I would spend two months there, writing on one of the round blue tables on the terrace. Every sixth day or so I would feel a need of change; then I would lunch in Nice at one of the waterside restaurants on the Quai des Etats-Unis, saunter along the Promenade des Anglais, examine the shop windows in the Avenue de Verdun, gamble in the casino. Late in the afternoon, on my return, exhausted by the big city's noise and hustle, as I walked down the steep narrow streets towards the peace and quiet of the harbor, I would think of Villefranche as an island set apart from the main current of the Riviera's life, with the trolley as a ferry, plying between it and the mainland.

I saw Villefranche first through the window of a train, and it looks exactly the same today to the westbound traveler from the Italian frontier—the curve of pastel-colored houses is protected as a national monument, but the changes are very great. Today a road runs right along under the railway line. The lobsters are stored elsewhere; the young women no longer saunter along the waterfront on summer evenings: they and their prospective swains have moved into the upper town. Villefranche has become a *boîte* and a novelist would no longer find peace-of-mind at one of the blue tables on the Welcome terrace. On the contrary, it is the Nice which in the thirties I had thought of in terms of mundane, metropolitan relaxation, which now gives me the tranquility I need. Except during the two crowded months between July 15 and September 15, Nice offers everything, to a man of my age and tastes and means. It has every kind of hotel. When I am working I choose the Windsor, which lies off the Avenue de la Victoire, three blocks back from the sea. It has no restaurant or bar. My room looks onto a garden; above the roofs across the street I can see the sentinel fortress that Vauban set high over Villefranche. When I am not working there is, facing the sea, the Negresco, my favorite luxury hotel, whose footmen and attendants wear uniforms reminiscent of *La Belle Epoque*.

Nice has restaurants to suit every taste and purse. You can lunch in the sunlight on the waterfront and dine in dark cavern-like bistros in the old town. Italian until 1860, it has a special Nicoise cuisine—with its pasta, its salads, its *pan-bagnat* and *pizzaria*. Even in Marseilles you will not get more succulent *bouillabaisse* or *soupe de poissons*. There are Chinese and Alsatian restaurants and, as always in France, it is very easy to acquire the status of a client.

There are innumerable distractions. There are two casinos; there is opera. Nice has a first-division football club; every other Sunday there is a match at home. On Friday evenings through the winter the Municipal Casino stages a series of regional dinners with local wines and dishes. And always there is the Promenade des Anglais, immeasurably lengthened since the war, which provides any type of walk you need, from a thirty-minute stroll to a two-hour stretch.

Every five or six days I feel myself needing a break just as I did thirty-seven years ago in Villefranche. Then, I would climb to the Corniche road and take the trolley; now, from the central bus station behind the Municipal Casino I catch the blue bus that runs right down into the Square at Villefranche. As I dine expensively and very well, either at the Welcome or Chez Germaine, there will be along the waterfront a constant succession of entertainers: fire eaters, beatniks with guitars, artists cutting out like-

(Continued on p. 383)

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Shun the Middle of the Road

As Richard Weaver used to inquire, "Do you drive in the middle of the road?" No intelligent conservative can maintain, in the face of much historical evidence, that the good society is attained merely by splitting the political difference.

Kirk

One of the best historical studies in this realm is a slim recent book by Dr. Vincent E. Starzinger, of Dartmouth College's department of government. This is *Middlingness: Juste Milieu Political Theory in France and England, 1815-48* (University Press of Virginia).

During the first half of the nineteenth century, some French and English statesmen and men of letters —people of considerable intellectual power and sincerity of motive—endeavored to construct an enduring social order by shunning the extremes. Professor Starzinger discusses the ideas chiefly of Pierre Royer-Collard, the courageous critic of democracy; François Guizot, premier and historian; Henry Brougham, the eccentric Whig politician; and Thomas Babington Macaulay, who used to be read by every schoolboy. These put their trust in the middle classes, and in what (to employ a more recent term) may be called "conservative liberalism."

They failed. In France, the *juste milieu* collapsed in 1848; in England, Whiggery gave way to Liberalism, and Liberalism then became the "honest broker" for Socialism. With discernment, Mr. Starzinger examines the fallacies in their politics.

The "middling mind," says Dr. Starzinger, either conjures up dangers that do not really exist, or else is lost in the fantasy that somehow a paper formula may make the present eternal. It tries to ignore the past and the future.

"It is true that history cannot be 'turned back,'" Mr. Starzinger concludes. "Yet the militant look backward—which one can find in a Burke or Disraeli as well as a Bonald or de Maistre—may well be what enables the conservative to go forward. The very attempt to recapture values of another age entails, after all, change. Despite all the conservative's emphasis on the mystery of history, man's fallibility, and the sanctity of prescription, the attempt also assumes that the future is not irrevocably determined by the present. Granted that the longing for the past can never be quite fulfilled, it has often involved a sufficiently hardheaded critique of the present to make the conservative come to terms with the reality of continuing change in human affairs."

"Middlingness"

The brief duration of the Eisenhower Era—founded upon a vague "middlingness" and an amiable personality, but unsupported by any intellect so strong as that of Royer-Collard, Guizot, Macaulay, or even Brougham—must suggest that, as Dr. Starzinger argues, the very people most attracted by the concept of the *juste milieu* are the people least competent to shore up an existing social order. Only an interval of great economic prosperity, untroubled by great domestic dissensions, makes possible the ascendancy of the politicians of "middlingness."

For—to state what ought to be obvious—the political middle, at any given moment, is merely the point determined by one or the other of the political extremes. In postwar Czechoslovakia, Jan Masaryk was a "middling" man of sorts—half-way between the Communists and the advocates of constitutional freedom. Necessarily, Masaryk fell the moment the Communist ideologues knew they could assume total power with impunity.

Yet the illusion that somehow a government founded upon the Disputed Middle may obtain consensus and establish social harmony remains powerful among America's ritualistic Liberals. The latest notorious instance of this folly is Senator Robert Kennedy's notion that peace might be brought to South Vietnam by introducing Communists into the government, and so settling for a "compromise," "neutral," middling regime. Here the fundamental error, of course, is the gross fallacy that extremists, like the Communists, can rest content with the *juste milieu*. Not until heaven and earth have passed away will the lion and the lamb lie down side by side.

The American Dissent

"With conservative populations, slaughter is nature's remedy," Brooks Adams wrote once. He had in mind the feeble conservatism of the *juste milieu*, which confounds present dominations and powers with the norms of the good civil social order, and which vulgarizes Pope's line, "One truth is clear: whatever is, is right." The real conservative always rose superior to middlingness and the notion that we can ossify the fleeting moment. "Change is the means of our preservation," Edmund Burke said once; and, on another occasion, Burke remarked that the prudent statesman is one who combines with a disposition to preserve an ability to reform.

So it is no paradox that, in Dr. Jeffrey Hart's phrase, the revived imaginative American conservatism of the past decade is "the American Dissent." The consensus of complacency, in its Eisenhower form or its Johnson form, must collapse the moment real public decisions become necessary. The more intelligent American conservatives are dissenting from governmental fatuity and intellectual sterility.

Just as there is no virtue in the middle *per se*, so there is no wisdom in the extreme *per se*. It is all a question of where one's principles lead—and of how well one understands the past and foresees the future.

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The Cocktail Theologians

HAROLD O. J. BROWN

In a very gracious and painstaking manner the professor of historical theology in the University of London addresses himself to the unpleasant and unpromising task of unscrambling eggs—the distinct categories and doctrines of Christian theology so curiously scrambled by Paul van Buren, John A. T. Robinson, Schubert N. Ogden, and other cocktail theologians. As far as unscrambling the confusion present in the minds and in the books of the above-named and their playfellows is concerned, Mascall does as much as could be expected. More than many other critics and reviewers, he has made a thorough attempt both to understand and to be fair to these men and their concerns: the title of his chapter on *Honest to God*, "Emotion Recollected in Tranquillity," reveals his serious, and one might almost say chivalrous, intentions.

His approach is probably to be commended to those defenders of orthodoxy, like this reviewer, who tend to fly into a senseless rage at the first whiff of Robinsonianism—to be recommended both because it is more compatible with Christianity and scholarship, and also because its net result is to leave several neo-theologians more thoroughly skinned and cleaned than a frontal attack usually does. In his introduction, Mascall hopefully quotes the observation that it is often only when a defective theology has been unequivocally stated "that a definite step is taken forward." Particularly in his two concluding chapters Mascall makes such a step; they alone are worth the price of the book.

The Secularization of Christianity, by Eric L. Mascall. Holt, $7.00

The opening chapter, "The Changeless and the Changing," stands under the sign of a statement by Pope John XXIII, which Mascall admires: "The substance of the ancient doctrine, contained in the 'deposit of faith' is one thing; its formulation is quite another." In it Mascall challenges several glib assumptions of modern popularized theology, such as the belief that Christianity appeared quite natural and easy to believe in the first century A.D., or that it underwent a radical — and destructive — metamorphosis when its original Hebraic categories were pressed into Greek and Latin thought-forms. To the first he opposes in great clarity and detail something which ought to be quite obvious, but isn't: the first-century world did not find it any more natural that a dead man should rise than we do—had it done so, the preaching of the resurrection of Christ would have had no particular effect. To the second he points out that the evidence indicates that Greek and Latin terms (e.g. *hypostasis, persona*) were given an entirely new and different content as a result of their encounter with those Hebraic categories, and not *vice versa*.

Mascall considers van Buren's book, *The Secular Meaning of the Gospel*, at once more impressive and even less Christian than Robinson's. (Mascall's genuine gentleness with Robinson and his willingness to give him the benefit of every reasonable and unreasonable doubt appears excessively chivalrous in view of that vain bishop's haste to associate himself with every new denunciation of historical Christianity, as with van Buren and the more recent book of Harvey E. Cox, *The Secular City*.) In it he rather thoroughly convicts van Buren of having thrown himself into the arms of Ludwig von Wittgenstein and the logical positivists with more reckless abandon than Aquinas is supposed to have done with Aristotle. He also shows, again quite convincingly, how fanciful and far from reality van Buren's restatement of the Gospel is: "To say that when the apostle Peter said 'Jesus is risen' he meant 'Jesus is no longer alive, but before he died he was of the realm of 'the end' seems, to say the least, unlikely."

Of course van Buren admits that he has no desire at all to make the Gospel meaningful to those who are not Christians, but merely to permit those who are already Christians to be thoroughly secular. Robinson, on the other hand, claims this intention, and Mascall respects his claim (even though the bishop's subsequent actions seem to belie his words). He makes it clear that Robinson is guilty (and this reviewer would be willing to say morally culpable therefore) of making ambiguous statements with highly destructive tendency, but from which he can quickly retreat when challenged, with the bland assertion, "I'm not trying to alter any of the basic beliefs—just thinking out loud." He exposes the fact that Robinson's theology is a confused jumble of self-contradictory positions, and he is willing to recognize the bishop in the midst of them as a sincere Christian—a recognition which, as Mascall says, does credit to the bishop's heart but not his head.

FROM THESE CHAPTERS two things are clear: 1) that the new theology is in general neither Christian nor even coherent; 2) that it is very, very difficult indeed to prove this to one's own satisfaction, because these writers, claiming to speak in scholarly tones, engage primarily in demagogic religious propaganda hardly any sounder theologically than that of Father Divine. Thus the Christian who wants to understand or to combat these trends has a laborious task before him. To this task, particularly to understanding the much labored relationship between science, the secular and the supernatural, and between fact and the gospels, Mascall's last two chapters are significant and

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clear contributions. He has shown how difficult it is to clean up a stage that has been the scene of the theological theatrics of certain modern ministers. He has also shown, to our relief, that it can be done.

Beyond the Romantics

JEFFREY HART

THE STORY of Keats' life has everything. There was his genius, of course, and his absolute integrity of character—which gives to his letters an interest second only to that of his poetry itself—and also his astonishing personal beauty, which becomes all the more poignant when we think of his early death and remember that one of his principal poetic themes was the transience of mortal things.

A friend described his head as like that of a fine Greek statue, like "the youthful Apollo," yet his countenance was full of warmth and responsiveness, and had "an expression as if he had been looking upon some glorious sight." His hair was reddish brown, his eyes "glowing, large, dark, and sensitive." Still, though he was small, he was surprisingly compact and strong, he played a vigorous game of cricket, and his fist-fights at school and later against larger opponents have become legendary. He was, as his brother said, "the very soul of manliness and courage," yet at the same time there can scarcely have been a person less egotistical or personally assertive; and he instantly won, and held, the devotion of all who met him.

Keats was the son of an innkeeper, and there was no thought of sending him to the university; he trained instead as an apothecary—in those days a primitive combination of dentist and general practitioner. But he knew his vocation and devoted himself to poetry with utter singleness of aim. You must, he told the slipshod Shelley, "load every rift with ore," and following his own advice he brought out in 1820, when he was only twenty-four, one of the richest volumes in the history of English poetry, most of it written, amazingly, in the course of a single year. As Douglas Bush remarks, "No other major English poet would be a major poet if he had been cut off so soon," for Keats had less than a year to live. I suppose everyone who reads much poetry maintains, at least fancifully, a kind of Platonic heaven of great poems, for which, though many apply, few are chosen; and in any such realm there would be half a dozen poems by Keats. Yet when he died in Rome, after an agonizing struggle against tuberculosis, he thought he had achieved little, and composed his own epitaph: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

There is little wonder, given such a subject, that one could almost make a career out of reading the

books and essays that have been written on Keats. Only recently we have had Aileen Ward's psychological study, as well as the magisterial *John Keats* of Walter Jackson Bate, and now there has appeared Douglas Bush's briefer study, the aim of which is to provide a book for the non-specialist which will nevertheless make full use of the best work of modern scholars and critics. This Bush accomplishes admirably, though he might have been well advised to consign those lists of possible "sources" for lines in Keats to an appendix rather than have them interrupt the text as they do. For those who do not have time for Bate's vast volume, this is the book to read.

The attraction of Keats as a man and as a poet would be quite enough to explain the enormous amount that has been written on him, but I think there is another and less avowed reason for all this interest. The Romantic movement during the early years of the nineteenth century was, after all, an unprecedented experiment, and Keats was its sanest, its only wholly satisfactory product. The two generations of Romantic poets, unlike all previous generations from Chaucer through Johnson, were cut off from the moral, political, and religious assumptions of the rest of the country, and in a conscious way, at great cost in energy and in emotional resources, had to fashion their own working philosophies. Of these poets, Keats is the only one for whom we do not have to make allowances. His poems are as contemporary and timeless as those of Yeats; as a poet and as a man he is the only Romantic who will really do. Shelley is impossible, Coleridge disappeared into opium and German metaphysics and was not seen again; Wordsworth wrote more bad poems than one can easily excuse. And Byron, as Keats himself said, belonged to the sphere of the "theatrical pantomimical"; his emergence was brilliant and dramatic, but in the end he produced little of lasting value; he was the Orson Welles of the movement.

But as the only wholly satisfactory product of the movement Keats is for many (perhaps unconsciously) a hopeful portent, or at least a comforting memory, for the Romantic experiment—cut off from moral, political, and religious tradition, and demanding that the individual create meaning of his own, *ex nihilo*—is also the Modern experiment. And though in these circumstances we are now blessed largely with moral abortions, blessed, let us say, with Sartre and Norman Mailer, still, Keats did exist and so there may be hope. Keats, as Douglas Bush remarks, "is in a way the natural man raised to the *n*th degree, and his meditations are so central that he speaks with 'the true voice of feeling' for no small part of humanity."

And yet there are times when one wonders whether Keats really was the natural man, even with Bush's

John Keats, by Douglas Bush. Macmillan, $4.95

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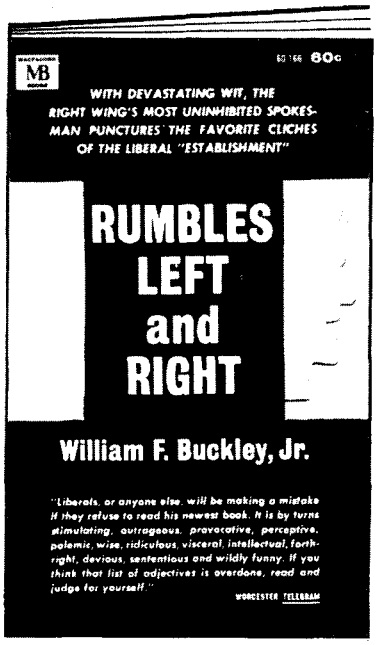
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radical qualification; for if he was, he at least was a natural man who had steeped himself in Shakespeare and who, during his most productive year, was reading intensively in Dante; and these are authors from whom one can gather no small part of the European tradition. Though some of Keats' lesser poems are merely "aesthetic"—that is, about Beauty in a lesser sense of the word—he had the power of endowing the idea of Beauty with meanings that burst the category of the aesthetic. When the Grecian Urn, whose frieze symbolizes *all* of existence, tells us that

> *Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all*
> *Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know,*

we are not to suppose that Keats is ignoring the existence of ugliness and evil—he knew about *"The weariness, the fever, and the fret/Here, where men sit and hear each other groan"*—but rather that in the presence of the Urn he touches for a moment that Shakespearian intensity of vision which can comprehend ugliness and evil—Iago, Macbeth, Claudius, in a tragic pattern to which they are integral—but which, finally and in its totality, is Beautiful. And this intuition may point beyond natural man, and indeed beyond the Romantic movement.

Now Abideth Faith, Hope, and X

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

THREE professorial types have escorted through the press three volumes concerned with getting and spending, and the puzzling, and, I hope hopeful thing is that each one comes rigged with surprises.

Prof. Johnson (economics, Chicago) starts off dully enough, with an ostensibly approving description of the Bretton Woods conference, the dream of the International Monetary Fund, and the role of the U.S. payments deficit in international monetary affairs. He gives cursory attention to the claims of the orthodox gold standard and mentions the Friedman proposal of flexible exchange rates without batting an eye yea or nay. Suddenly he transposes into a brilliant analysis of the flaws in the gold exchange standard (i.e. the present form of international monetary arithmetic), and in ensuing passages he serves up a steaming criticism of U.S. policy errors over the years, leaving not a shred of dignity on the fast-building framework of economic protectionism. His comments on the poverty of the backward nations do slight justice to the strength of non-economic factors (cf. Mogens Hermann, *Contribution and Reward,* reviewed in *NR,* Jan. 11, 1966). The book is like a recital by the patriarchal Arthur Rubinstein: savoring the wonderful moments, you forgive him all the dropped notes.

Prof. Weisbrod (economics, Wisconsin) has edited a collection of statements on poverty and has succeeded in his announced effort to cover the ground fairly. Here are the bulbous nonsense of governmental reports, the slimy do-goodisms of the professional poverty-monger, the skepticism of Irving Kristol. Our friend Harry Johnson of Tome the First comes to light again here, arguing (surprise?) that the bulk of all anti-poverty programs are doomed to ineffectiveness when compared to the results of the 1964 tax cut, which stirred enterprise, which created *jobs;* then he goes on to endorse the monetary expansion that leads, as he well knows, to the international problems he deplores in Tome the First.

The aging socialist, Michael Harrington, finds that there is a Conspiracy to keep people poor. J. K. Galbraith thinks the poor should not be given direct cash because they lack the "character and intelligence" to spend it right. Quite a mouthful from him! Prof. C. Lowell Harriss (economics, Columbia) argues against the granting of vague powers to governmental agencies, and points out the dangers of a law that cannot define its terms (e.g. "low income . . . family farm . . . promise of progress . . . feasible participation").

Irving Kristol comes up with the most slashing attack on the anti-poverty programs ever printed ("There are plenty of poor who manage—some routinely, some heroically—to lead dignified, decent, and humanly satisfying lives. They are, in my opinion, entitled to more money. . . . They are entitled to have every possible opportunity to move upward. . . . But they are also entitled not to be hectored, badgered, sermonized, psychoanalyzed, fingerprinted, Rohrschached, and generally bossed around by a self-appointed body of self-anointed redeemers—who are, in any case, less interested in helping poor people than in satisfying some particular ideological passion"). The great Prof. Milton Friedman is here, arguing for direct cash benefits in lieu of every known anti-poverty gimmick, and admitting that when the poor have a chance to vote themselves cash there's peril ahead; sad to say, Friedman has "no solution to this problem except to rely on the self-restraint and goodwill of the electorate." He should consider depriving reliefers of the right to vote for offices that determine taxes and welfare programs. Leon Keyserling churns fog. Gunnar Myrdal, the economist turned Swede, spills the the beans: "Nothing is technically simpler than to start a boom. It could be done by spreading dollar notes as fertilizer from aeroplanes."

For the past ten years Robert Theobald has made a living talking about other people's poverty. I trust it is not excessive sanguinity in me to suppose that his editing a book of other people's sayings about still other people's poverty is a sign that he himself has begun to run dry. Even granted that blessing, still there are surprises here. Theobald comes right out, for the first time I know of, and asserts man's "natural right to resources sufficient for his subsistence" and when Theobald says subsistence he means "dignity" and when he says dignity he means a touch of mink, baby. Where will the dignity come from? Money. Whence cometh money? From machines. Why is everyone unemployed? Because

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The World Economy at the Crossroads, by Harry G. Johnson. Oxford, $3.50

The Guaranteed Income, edited by Robert Theobald. Doubleday, $4.95

The Economics of Poverty, edited by Burton A. Weisbrod. Prentice-Hall (Spectrum), $1.95

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machines underbid them. If automation cuts jobs, why did the U.S. job roster rise from 56 million to 72 million in the last fifteen years? No answer.

The funniest essay in Theobald's collection is Edward Schwartz's "An End to the Means Test." Here we celebrate the Dignity and Decency of not making folks with incomes under $5,000, or whatever, report their affairs in order to qualify for a handout. However, it occurs to Schwartz that a lad with a million dollars invested in a non-dividend-paying stock could then qualify for the Theobald variety of Guaranteed Dignity. So, having tossed the Income Test out the window, Schwartz sneaks the Assets Test in the back door; and so, hey presto, "An End to the Means Test."

Theobald keeps a straight face. Mostly the surprises have been unexpected boldness or sloppiness. But the ecologist William Vogt (who has never fulfilled the early promise of his *Road to Survival*) provides the solar-plexus shock here. Obviously starting from a canned idea slipped him by Theobald, Vogt rings the changes on automation, unemployment, wealth, income, and guaranteed income, not tilting the machine until he has time to think. At the end he fights his way out the paper bag and delivers a stunning refutation to the whole crazy opium dream of effortless wealth: "An immigrant family that comes into the city from New Jersey and shines shoes every weekend, thereby earning from thirty to fifty dollars to buy a house, is successful enough to make the *New York Times* front page. Can it be that New Yorkers are already so well taken care of that they do not need to work? In 'distressed' rural areas it is often hard, if not virtually impossible, to get a man or boy to cut brush, mow a lawn, or do semiskilled jobs such as fixing a roof. Those who believe that men will want to work whether they have to or not seem to have lived sheltered lives. If this situation exists before the guaranteed income is made available, who is going to take care of services when everyone can live without working — as a right?"

Theobald, undoubtedly surprised by the essay that came charging out of Vogt's typewriter, introduces it as something that raises questions to which there are no final answers. But these are the simplest and most natural questions to ask about Theobald's pet proposal. If he has no answers to such immediately obvious questions, isn't it an incredible piece of intellectual irresponsibility to suggest, as he does, that we inflict these unknown problems on a population of 200 million people? Well, I have faith that we won't fall for creeping Theobalderdash. And I have hope that the signs of deviationism in the literature are portents of a dawn of common sense. As for charity, I feel no need to expend mine on cranks who think they have found a way to guarantee themselves a slice of it.

RANDOM

● Books: Two forthcoming books discuss who discovered what, and when. Frederick J. Pohl states the case for the Norsemen in *The Viking Explorers* (Crowell, April, $5.95), complete with a two-page foldout of that Vinland map. Going him one better is Betty J. Meggers, Smithsonian anthropologist, whose *Ecuador* (Praeger, June, $7.50) suggests that the Japanese reached this hemisphere around 3,000 B.C. Of related interest are Carl Ortwin Sauer's *The Early Spanish Main* (California, May, $7.95) and Charles H. Hapgood's *Maps of the Ancient Sea Kings* (Chilton, $14.50). . . . Two volumes commemorate Hastings in this 900th anniversary year: *1066: The Story of a Year* by Denis Butler (Putnam, $4.95) and *The Making of the King, 1066* by Alan Lloyd (Holt, April, $6.00).

Two sharply contrasting views of living off the land are due soon. Bradford Angier writes a how-to book in *Free for the Eating* (Stackpole, May, $4.50), which lists all sorts of edible oddments to be found in the wilds. On the how-not-to side is Howard Creekmore's *Daffodils Are Dangerous: The Poisonous Plants in Your Garden* (Walker, April, $3.95). . . . The Mustian family, of *A Long and Happy Life*, reappear in Reynolds Price's *A Generous Man* (Atheneum $5.95). They're nice. . . . Another hitherto unpublished Dy-

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Indonesian Backdrop

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE WELL-KNOWN TRUTH that leftists care very little about the massacre of Afro-Asians unless the killers happen to be white has been illustrated several times recently. The frightful atrocities in the Southern Sudan and the mass political murders in Nigeria brought no squeak of protest from any of the habitual protesters: and they seem to have been equally unmoved by the slaughter of Communists in Indonesia, a slaughter which is said to have cost over 300,000 lives.

What has happened in Indonesia is infinitely more important, certainly in terms of human suffering and probably in terms of political significance, than events in, for example, Rhodesia: but the world knows far less about it. Its meaning is, therefore, hard to evaluate, but all previous estimates of the Indonesian scene must be considered substantially out of date.

This is bad luck on Mr. Maslyn Williams, whose *Five Journeys from Jakarta* is an estimate of the Indonesian scene as it was last year. Bad luck but not disastrous, for his estimate is impressionistic rather than analytic. He offers vivid, colorful sketches of the way life is being lived, and the way people are thinking, in various parts of the Javanese empire: and he provides a rich supply of information from which his readers can make their own analysis.

MR. WILLIAMS IS a 55-year-old Australian journalist with a warm heart but no very evident capacity for clear, unsentimental thinking. He is a peripheral, as opposed to a hard-core, Liberal. A whole range of Liberal clichés trip innocently from his typewriter. He brackets "John the President and John the Pope" as shining exceptions to the ignobility of our leaders, and sees nothing strange in an Indonesian's remark that the West had "betrayed its own prophets, from Christ to John Kennedy." He talks about "democratic

Five Journeys from Jakarta, by Maslyn Williams. Morrow, $6.00

Christianity" and "this ecumenical age." He uses "the bomb" as a symbol of ultimate evil. He believes that capitalists "make monstrous profits at the expense of everybody." He falls easily into Marxist jargon about the West's attitudes towards Asia being "negative." And, though clearly not himself drawn either intellectually or instinctively towards Communism, he regards the American hatred of Communism as "nightmarish" and wonders whether there may not be aspects of Communism which would be quite well suited to Indonesia.

Colonialism he treats as an undisputed evil, a "major inhumanity" for which the West should now make

NOTES

lan Thomas work is *Rebecca's Daughters* (Little Brown, April, $4.50), billed as a Welsh adventure story. . . . On the racks is a new paperback series, Zebra Books. First two offerings feature pop art jackets of the comic book persuasion: de Mandiargues' *The Motorcycle* and Anthony Heckstall-Smith's *The Consort*, whose rakish hero is said to resemble Prince Philip (both 95 cents).

● MOVIE MISCELLANY: Yul Brynner has bought rights to Sascha Guitry's 1934 film, *Diary of a Cheat*, for remaking . . . Maurice "Mr. Olympia" Girodias is said to have a film script wherein his recent problems as a nightclub operator and publisher of super-pornography become a screenable comedy. He would like Peter Sellers to star. . . . Included in James Mason's three-film deal with Columbia is a picture based on Le Carré's *Call for the Dead*. Renamed *The Deadly Affair*, the effort will also star Maximilian Schell and Simone Signoret. Sidney Lumet is producer-director. . . . Still more spy movies: one forthcomer is titled *The Spy with the Cold Nose*; another (a spoof), to star Rosalind Russell, will be based on Dorothy Gilman's forthcoming novel, *The Unexpected Mrs. Pollifax*. . . . Jane Fonda and Jason Robards have signed to star in the screen version of *Any Wednesday*.

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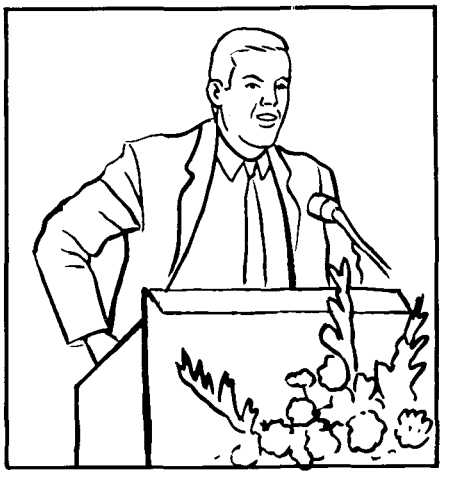

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amends. We are in debt, he says, to the Asian, African and South American people whom "we shamefully misused." He believes that the Indonesians have just escaped from a bondage which oppressed them night and day and held them "to a level of a mediaeval peasantry." But here and there a fact slips through which casts some doubt on the validity of this picture. We learn, for example, that the irrigation of the rice fields was perfectly efficient until the Japanese invasion heralded "a quarter of a century of neglect and deterioration." And many Indonesians, including some of those who were most active in the revolution, could clearly have enjoyed satisfying, prosperous and unimpeded careers under the Dutch.

Like a true Liberal, Mr. Williams agonizes a great deal. He shows a characteristic ambivalence towards the rebels in the outer islands, who have been, and presumably still are, in a chronic state of war against the Javanese. He has no objection in principle, of course, to rebellions, and cannot be altogether happy about, for example, an army communiqué which announced the death of one rebel leader in these bizarre terms:

> God's promise that the leader of the rebels, Kahar Muzzakar, shall be killed in the morning of the 3rd of February 1965, coincided with the Idul Fitri, The Day of Victory. This victory was stated in the Holy Bible as follows: 'Glory be to God in the Highest. And on earth peace to men of good will.'

The communiqué was illustrated with pictures of the corpse. At the same time, Mr. Williams accepts the Javanese party line that these insurrections were caused by the wicked Dutch policy of "divide and rule" and are now an inexcusable hindrance to the unification which President Sukarno has tried to achieve.

Indeed, he calmly accepts what to outsiders may seem the most terrifying aspect of left-wing nationalism —the mystique of the Revolution. Sukarno himself said, "I am in love with the romanticism of revolution," and his followers talk endlessly about "the Revolution" as a continuing, even a permanent, process, to which everything else should be subordinated. The universities are described as "schoolrooms of the Revolution," slogans are displayed in the streets so that "the people can learn about the Revolution as they go about their business."

LITTLE CHILDREN are taught to praise Sukarno with nationalist chants; "One country, one nation," they sing, which may remind some Europeans of those other regimented children, who used to shout *Ein Volk, Ein Reich*. . . . The national anthem is followed on the radio by the hate song, *Ganjang Malaysia* ("Crush Malaysia"). The cinemas, from which American films have been banned, show such epics as the Algerian desert war drama, *Against the French Imperialists*. University teachers mouthe nationalist propaganda for fear of being denounced by their own pupils.

In Jakarta a great monument has been under construction, higher than any other building in the city. It was to be crowned with an effigy of Sukarno, the semi-divine Leader, but it was not completed because Sukarno's fortune teller warned him that he will die when the statue is placed on the column.

Sometimes Mr. Williams is disgusted and depressed, wondering "if Indonesian leaders realize what they are achieving with this methodical mutilation of the minds of their people." Sometimes he admires the sense of communal inspiration and becomes, as he says himself, more tolerant of collectivism and social regimentation. A few of the young men he talked to were cynical and some of the old men had been happier under the Dutch: but their views were swamped by all the nationalists he met.

He describes most affectionately the simple patterns of village life, the ancestral arts, the old festivals, the unambitious contentment: and he observes that "when such people are forced or encouraged to follow and adopt Western ways and standards too quickly, and without the full capacity to do so, they achieve only a limited parody of Western living which makes them dissatisfied and jealous of the West." He appreciates the strong religious ethos which permeates Indonesian society; permeates everywhere except the huge Communist Party.

He asked an official whether it was necessary for members of the government to believe in God. Of course not, the official replied indignantly; Indonesia was a free and democratic country; "but, by law, it is not possible to be an Indonesian and not believe in God." Mr. Williams confesses himself baffled by such logic, just as he was unable to reconcile Indonesian professions of peace with the "Crush Malaysia" campaign. A foreign diplomatist told him that "an essential part of the briefing of a Westerner newly posted to Jakarta is a course of Lewis Carroll, George Orwell and Kafka." Being a Liberal, however, and therefore conscience-stricken and determined at all costs to "understand," Mr. Williams feels that the fault must be his own rather than that of the Indonesians who dish out such monstrous rubbish.

He does not believe that Britain can, or perhaps should, ultimately save Malaysia; or that America can win the war in Vietnam; or indeed that the West can achieve anything in Asia "unless it locks up its weapons and approaches the colored world with love and justice." What this fine-sounding thesis means, unfortunately,

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is that the West, applying to the colored world standards of love and justice different from those which it would accept for itself, must allow the Afro-Asians to propagate false logic unrebuked, to incur debts without responsibility, to be gobbled up by dictators and to become stepping-stones for the advance of international Communism. It means that the West is expected to treat the Afro-Asians with the tender indulgence due to adolescents (Mr. Williams' own word) but to deprive them of the guidance which adolescents need. It means, in short, that in the battle for hearts and minds the West should surrender, both physically and philosophically, leaving a vacuum which would be quickly filled—and deservedly so—by something more robust.

Movies in Brief

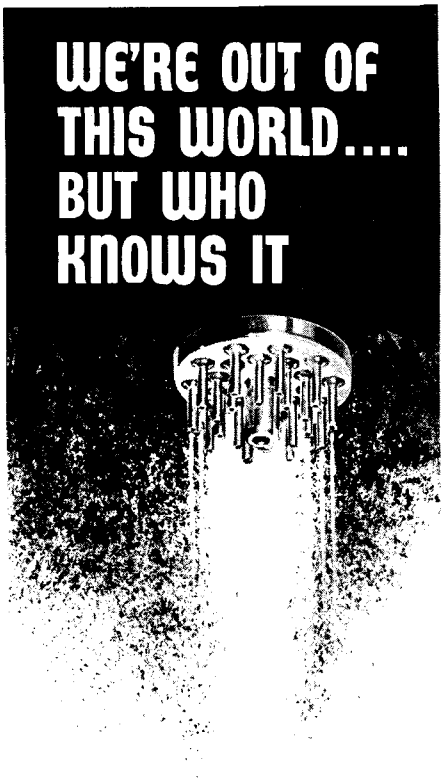
RICHARD M. HODGENS

The Chase. Director Arthur Penn and adapter Lillian Hellman have half-heartedly disowned *The Chase.* But it looks like Penn, and it sounds like Hellman. If what they wanted was expressionistic comment on the wickedness of Texans, they have it, here. But perhaps "Hollywood" insisted upon a real plot with at least one good guy (Marlon Brando as sheriff). In any case, they also have a thriller with tolerable suspense and a horrendous finale—as an escaped convict (Robert Redford) heads for his home town on a Saturday night, while the folks revel, in their way, getting ready to lynch anybody, and the sheriff tries to keep things quiet and gets beaten to a pulp. The cast is large and prestigious and the whole production is admirably slick, except for Brando's colorful bruises, which are unconvincing.

Inside Daisy Clover. "Why do you sing?" asks the producer. "My mother says the world's a garbage dump, and we're only the flies it attracts. Maybe she's right. But when I sing, the smell isn't so bad," replies his fifteen-year-old discovery (Natalie Wood). This is not altogether convincing, but most of *Inside Daisy Clover* has a weird but disciplined beauty that would be widely acclaimed if it were in Italian. The script is sad biography: guided by the Swans of Swan Studios (Christopher Plummer and Katharine Bard, who make superb vampires), little Miss Clover becomes a star; she marries a star (Robert Redford) who promptly deserts her; she loses her mother (Ruth Gordon), who never was much help; she breaks down during a dubbing session; and the conclusion has a hollow sound. Although it is pleasant to see an anti-stardom movie in which, for once, the victim is not extinguished at the end, nothing about Miss Clover suggests that she could endure, let alone triumph. Gavin Lambert adapted his own novel for the screen. Robert Mulligan directed, and generally triumphed.

The Oscar. I do not think that anyone will win an award for anything in *The Oscar.* The actors might campaign on sympathy, like the wicked hero, a contender named Frank Fane (Stephen Boyd). But no one could have forced them to read these lines. Somehow, they forced themselves. Frank Fane steps on everybody on his way to the "top of a glass mountain called success," and gets trampled on the way down. "You're not real," his colleagues tell him. "You're some kind of poison." "I've let you castrate me inch by inch." "Like a snake that sheds its skin, Frank Fane, I'm getting rid of you." Desperately, Fane releases some scandal about himself, and he does get sympathy but does not get his Oscar. Frank Sinatra (Himself) gets it. For Frank Fane, there is nothing left but the gutter. Russell Rouse co-adapted and directed.

The Gospel According to Saint Matthew. "According to me," says adapter-director Pier Paolo Pasolini,



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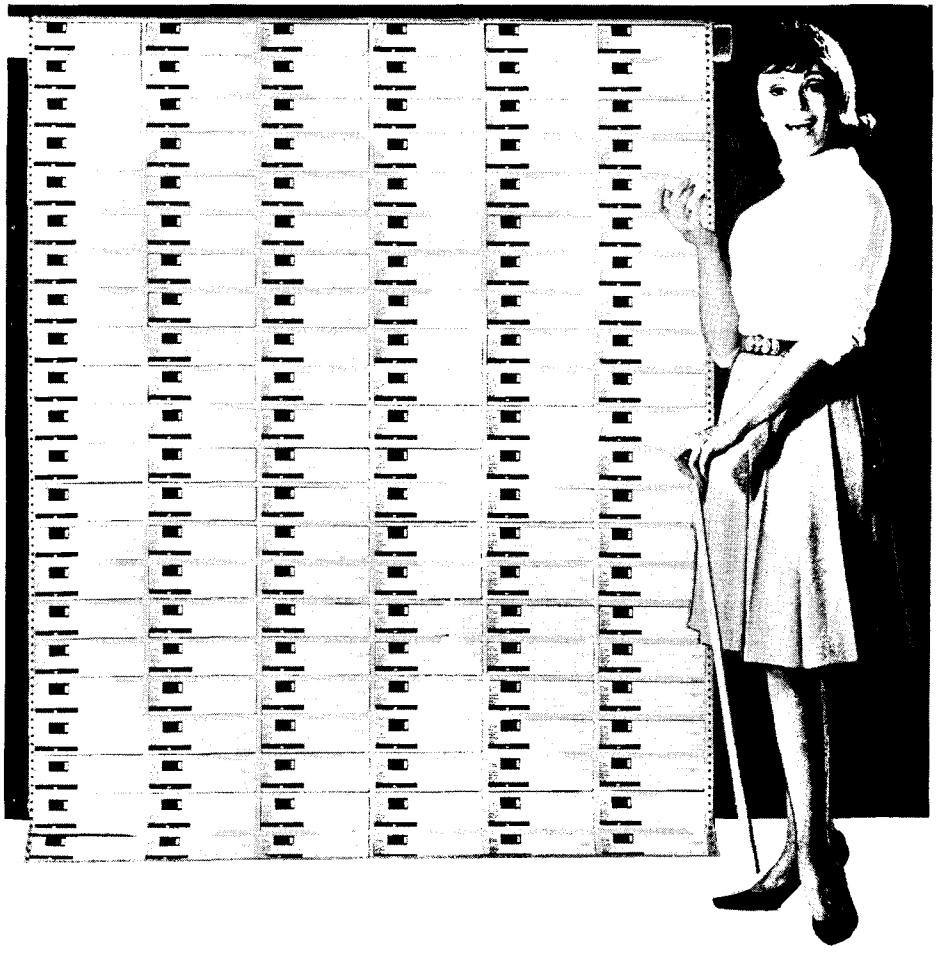

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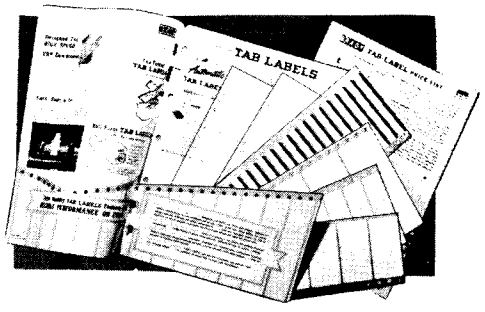

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"Saint Matthew ought to relate violently to the bourgeoisie. . . ." But he has not made Communist propaganda. He has simply made a neo-realistic home-movie of the Gospel. His cast consists of "nonprofessional actors who themselves are shreds of reality. . . ." Dressed in shredded costumes inspired by Renaissance paintings (why not in modern dress?), they do a great deal of staring, standing, walking and running through wastelands and ruins. The background music is freakishly eclectic. The style in general is "magmatic," he says. The result seems to please almost everyone. For Christians, there is the Gospel itself. For non-Christians, the arty simplicity of the treatment may be appealing. And for the Marxists, that treatment makes it easy to concentrate on the "social message," as Pasolini intended. Logically, it may not matter what Christ looks like in a movie, and if nonprofessional Enrique Irazoqui looks too young, ungainly, reptilian and passive in the part, one still can get used to him, and there are some effective moments in *The Gospel*. . . .

Lord Love a Duck. The title is irrelevant, and so is much of the plot. Principally, it concerns a teen-age fiend (Roddy McDowall) who manages the social career of a "poor bunny" (Tuesday Weld) at home, school and beach. "Everybody's got to love me," she says: "They've just got to!" Since she is Miss Weld, McDowall's help seems unnecessary. His motive for helping her seems obvious, but only to a point: he thinks she personifies "the total vulgarity of our times," and apparently he manipulates vulgarity only to prove he is above it, or perhaps co-adapter-producer-director George Axelrod does. Axelrod's burlesque is amusing often enough, until he turns to attempted murder and homicidal mania.

The Sleeping Car Murder. I would like to say that this French mystery plays fair with the audience, but I am not sure it does, because the projectionist did not. Toward the end, the light went out but the film went on, and we missed about ten minutes of it. I think that must have been when the inspector deduced the motive. The suspense was extraordi-

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nary, and the rest of the dénouement was astonishing. The price of admission (on the first run in New York) was $2.50. We did not get it back. Yves Montand plays the inspector; Simone Signoret (his wife) and Catherine Allegret (their daughter) play endangered passengers. Costa Gavras adapted and directed, and I think his work is commendable.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE AGE OF WIT, by D. Judson Milburn (Macmillan, $6.95). It is not difficult to see why this book was written: the period covered (1650-1750) is, if not an exciting, at least an interesting one in the realm of letters; and, as C. S. Lewis pointed out, "if a man had time to study the history of one word only, *wit* would perhaps be the best word he could choose." What is difficult is to see why the book was published. This is not to say it is all bad. The last pages, on the degeneration of wit, might by themselves form a perceptive essay, and a useful supplement to Lewis's remarks in his *Studies on Words*. So far, so good. But these pages occur at the end of a long and somewhat anecdotal account of the previous hundred years, enlivened, it is true, by opinions which are quite certainly original (that the Age of Wit shows "an organic concept of creativity, soon to flourish with Romanticism" or that the "grace" of the Ancients and the "gracefulness" of the eighteenth century are alike in being closely allied with metaphysical wit), and written in a style of which the following is a fair example:

> Wit, under suspicion of favoring the enemy, imagination, actually deserted to it in this metaphysical context; for it used various traditions contrary to the strictures of judgment and neoclassical rules; irrational and extravagant fancy, the native strength and individuality of genius, the Platonic concept of the *furor poeticus*, and the elevated style of Longinian sublimity.

This, you will note, occurs in a book about an age the chief virtue of whose writing is clarity, and whose chief vice was salaciousness. To be sure, Professor Milburn skirts the vice, but he avoids the virtue rather more.

J. C. LOBDELL

THEY CALL US DEAD MEN: *Reflections on Life and Conscience* by Daniel Berrigan, S.J. (Macmillan, $4.50). In this book of nine essays, Father Berrigan ranges over such topics as the Church, sacred art, the laity, technology, and St. Paul. He is weakest on the Church and most interesting when talking about technology. That may not be surprising, since he identifies himself as a "religious humanist" and places great stress on the idea that promoting man's temporal well-being is a primary (or is it *the* primary?) test of a Christian. He presupposes some of Teilhard's astrology and, like the "grace-and-nature" gentlemen of the so-called new theology, is not anxious to make a clear-cut distinction between the natural and the supernatural orders, or between this world and the next. In this context, his emphasis on religion as a philanthropic enterprise is understandable. It is also highly arguable, but the author is a poet, and how do you argue with a poet? He relies on metaphors and vague generalizations, and if you disagree, you will find yourself marked down as presumptively lacking "real faith" or guilty of "almost inconceivable selfishness." Of course, he does appeal in places to Biblical citations. But in at least some cases (I have not checked them all), when you look them up in context, you find that it takes a rather imaginative interpretation to consent to the author's employment of them. Indeed, after a while the reader starts in self-defense to recollect Biblical passages that the author avoids, such as Christ's declaration that "My kingdom is not of this world." I have no doubt that Father Berrigan means well in what he does, but I also have no doubt that books like this one are not likely to advance his cause.

E. H. WALL

THE PAPER BULLET, by Otis Carney (Morrow, $4.95). Since the end of

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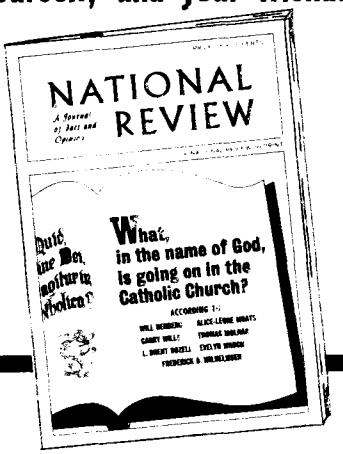

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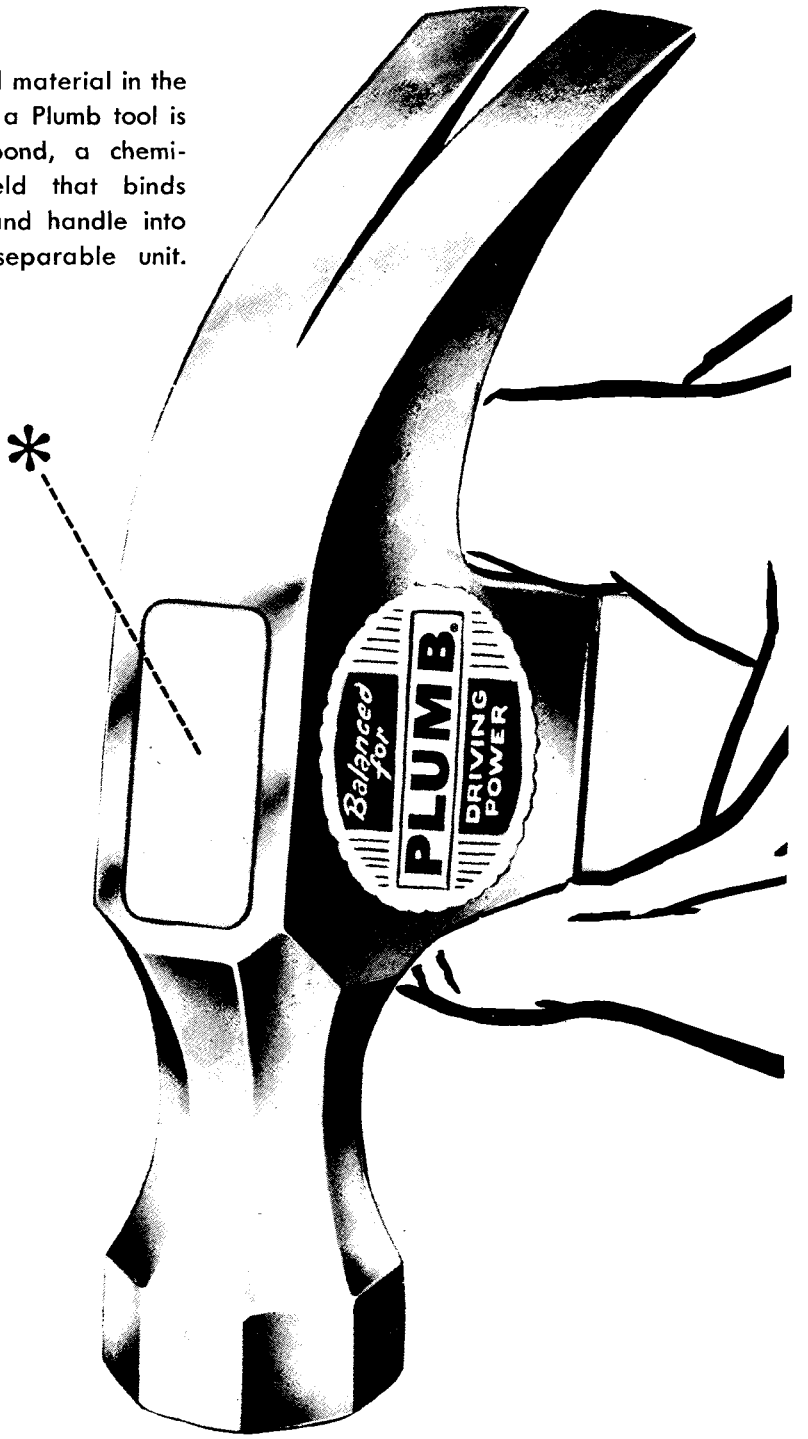

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P. V. BRENNAN JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (April 5)

George & Helen Waite

PAPASHVILY, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN:

He made such a nice speech. After he drank for everybody in turn, somebody proposed a glass for him—"For the man who did so much for his country" and he said "I thank you for your words but whatever I did for my country was not smallest part of what my country did for me."

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS

A. Baron _____, Earl of Feversham

B. Name of an Indian confederacy (U. S.)

C. What many smokers are

D. Painless death for incurables

E. People who remove kernels from ears of corn

F. One-time close associate of Joseph Rauh

G. If Quill could be jailed, why not this guy?

H. Another appraisal

I. Unduly timid

J. Use of words whose sound suggests the sense

K. A lad who often gets up before breakfast

L. Not as many

M. State of stupidity

WORDS

48 138 155 200 175 82 105 55

73 227 52 33 89 193 236 140

159 1 68 118 186 114 37 90 202

168 207 232 69 27 12 174 38 119 83

184 171 148 115 234 91 14 71

211 95 233 142 92 215 30 13 18 156

208

238 178 166 2 217 221 197 108 170 116

28 39 212 84 15 130 173

243 3 179 16 96 93 158 219 237 177

106 167

29 75 204 222 121 196 98 149 209

51 195 40 4 160 205 224 72 11 99

216 181

31 6 117 17 107 139 49

112 123 132 141 7

127 53 50 210 169 183 41 187 245 20

DEFINITIONS

N. What the pill may displace

O. A pair of stamps inverted in relation to one another (hyph.)

P. Latin name used by trilingual nation

Q. Recedes

R. Russian for whom a mineral was named

S. Zero

T. Type of eyeglasses (hyph.)

U. Type of fish

V. Unsettled

W. Very small

X. Contrarily

Y. Evening wear

Z. An attempt to assume what is not natural

a. A parapet with open spaces

b. A variety of precious stone

c. Unscramble STERE

WORDS

133 218 191 126 94 180

137 189 76 54 44 226 101 109 240

147 230 165 25 244 56 199 19

172 85 97 247

194 162 21 36 8 188

228 164 79 57 45 161 22

131 110 201 151 58 213 86 122

143 124 87 80 152 225 242

190 60 42 185 241 81 111 125

67 144 88 23 9 43 157 102

77 61 128 113 206 214 134 145 220

100 163 154 176 62 182 103 146 231

150 78 192 63 10 135 65 235 32 203

153

5 24 198 239 46 129 229 136 66 246

59 47 223 34 74 26

70 104 120 35 64

See page 380 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 C	■	2 G	3 H	4 J	5 a	6 K	7 L	■	8 R	9 W	■	10 Z	11 J	12 D	13 F	14 E
15 G	16 H	17 K	■	18 F	19 P	20 M	■	21 R	■	22 S	23 W	24 a	25 P	26 b	■	27 D	28 G
29 I	■	30 F	31 K	32 Z	33 B	34 b	35 c	■	36 R	37 C	38 D	39 G	40 J	41 M	42 V	43 W	44 O
45 S	46 a	47 b	48 A	49 K	■	50 M	51 J	■	52 B	53 M	54 O	55 A	■	56 P	57 S	58 T	■
59 b	60 V	61 X	62 Y	63 Z	64 c	■	65 Z	66 a	67 W	■	68 C	69 D	70 c	■	71 E	72 J	73 B
74 b	75 I	76 O	■	77 X	78 Z	■	79 S	80 U	81 V	■	82 A	83 D	84 G	■	85 Q	86 T	87 U
88 W	89 B	90 C	91 E	■	92 F	93 H	■	94 N	95 F	96 H	■	97 Q	98 I	99 J	100Y	■	101O
102W	103Y	104c	105A	106H	■	107K	108G	■	109O	110T	111V	■	112L	113X	114C	115E	116G
117K	■	118C	119D	120c	121I	122T	123L	124U	125V	■	126N	127M	■	128X	129a	130G	131T
■	132L	133N	134X	135Z	136a	■	137O	138A	139K	140B	141L	■	142F	143U	144W	145X	■
146Y	147P	148E	149I	■	150Z	■	151T	152U	153Z	154Y	155A	156F	157W	158H	159C	160J	161S
■	162R	163Y	164S	165P	166G	167H	168D	169M	■	170G	171E	172Q	■	173G	174D	175A	■
176Y	177H	■	178G	179H	180N	181J	182Y	183M	184E	■	185V	186C	187M	■	188R	189O	190V
191N	■	192Z	193B	194R	195J	196I	197G	198a	199P	200A	201T	202C	■	203Z	204I	■	205J
206X	207D	208F	209I	■	210M	211F	212G	213T	■	214X	215F	216J	217G	218N	■	219H	220X
221G	222I	223b	224J	225U	226O	227B	228S	229a	230P	231Y	232D	■	233F	234E	235Z	236B	237H
238G	239a	240O	241V	242U	■	243H	244P	245M	246a	247Q	■	■	■	■	■	■	■

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RIVIERA

(Continued from p. 368)

nesses in paper, and most famous of all, a trick-cyclist in a top hat smoking a cigar who rides in and out among the traffic, even into the restaurants. It is a highly effective cabaret and I am able to forget my story for three hours. Next morning I wake refreshed and relaxed, ready for another stint of writing. Just as I did in Villefranche in 1931 after a day in Nice.

These two places that lie so near my heart have in fact reversed their roles. Yet now as then, between them they give me what I can get nowhere else.

BURNHAM

(Continued from p. 353)

pieces of the French puzzle, which suggests the Freudian scheme of love-hate ambivalence. The cold anti-Americanism of official French policy and the passionate anti-Americanism of the French intellectuals are fused with the rapid Americanization of the French economy and the enthusiastic Americanization of the French masses. It is almost as if by her present policies France is punishing herself for ceasing to be the image of France so cherished in the consciousness of her élite; as if Gaullism were a desperate last effort to hang on to the symbols and trappings of an epoch that is being drowned under the combined waves of mass industrialization, global communication and transport, a world-wide market and nuclear superpowers. It is France—so mature, even perhaps a wee bit senile, in matters cultural—that displays in political behavior the erratic conflicts of a traumatic adolescence. This being so, Lyndon Johnson is wise in the response he has been making to what have already been (as always issue from adolescent trauma) most grievous provocations: not anger or reprisal, but patience. In the last analysis France cannot separate herself from the West. Nor can the West cast off France. It is not so easy for nations to deny their fate, no matter how much they may resent it.

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 343)

the review not only unsatisfactory but grossly unfair and based on false premises. The title is exact because the book deals with the course of policy after de Gaulle—necessarily a new road. It may not be "new" in Molnar's sense but then neither is the H-bomb, which is only a copy of the solar process, on a somewhat different scale. The book is not Leftist either, unless a sophisticated adaptation of Hamiltonian federalism is so. My reading of the book is that Soustelle, like Monnet, is one of those rare Frenchmen who have transcended the parochialism of Paris and are concerned with the federal organization of Europe, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic communities. In a word, the book has merit, on many counts.

First, Soustelle has experienced the dark night and has gone forth, like Stephen at the end of Joyce's *Portrait*, to forge in the smithy of his soul the uncreated conscience of his race. His first chapter is a testament of the violation that required him to act. He dispossessed himself of great power and privilege, which is rare in any case, but almost unique among those enjoying great political authority.

Much more could be said on further reflection—or without it, but I have tried to keep this comment within the page that Molnar used, and to suggest some of its most significant merits. It is not an easy book, because of the demands it places on the reader, and because of the still unliquidated burden of a crushing experience. It is, however, a formidable achievement—a rational account of a complete break with a personal experience as well as a brilliant reconstruction of a political course for France, after de Gaulle.

Washington, D.C. PYRRHO

A Reply

Pyrrho confronts me with his own interpretation—of de Gaulle, Soustelle, the future of Europe, the "parochialism of Paris"—and blames me for having a different one. De Gaulle, *sui generis* as he may be (so were Stalin and Roosevelt), has acted as a Leftist, although in my review I did not care to elaborate on this. Let me list the well-known phases for Pyrrho's information. De Gaulle had a unique opportunity, as the only post-war charismatic leader of the West and surrounded by a myth of his own, of shattering the ranks of the Communist Party in 1958; instead, he smoothed the CP's return to the political scene. The Party is ready now, like the Italian comrades, to emerge as a respectable force, the tallest pillar of the shadow cabinet, the only party surviving the Fifth Republic. (Read Thorez' successor, Waldeck-Rochet's recent speech.) The General also: destroyed the French army; recognized Red China, alarming thereby the genuinely anti-Communist leaders of francophone Africa; tries to wreck U.S. policy in Vietnam; promotes German subservience to Washington by courting Moscow, etc. *Sui generis*, indeed, but an incredibly clumsy Machiavelli!

My objection to Soustelle's book did not concern the title but the content. Hamiltonian federation may be good for the United States, but it cannot work in France, no matter how sophisticated the "adaptation." What Pyrrho calls "a brilliant reconstruction of a political course for France after de Gaulle" is just that: a reconstruction, in other words an abstraction, *une vue de l'esprit*. A gratuitous game. It is true, on the other hand, that since the General has reduced France to a kind of Chirico landscape of shapeless blocks and shadows, not much else can be attempted.

New York, N.Y. THOMAS MOLNAR

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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For The Record

Latest 24-carat Liberal to get on peacenik "hate list" is Ambassador Arthur Goldberg. His sin: the statement that Red China should not now be admitted to UN. Leftist pickets in Berkeley attacked Goldberg as a "Doctor of Napalm," and editor Robert Scheer of Ramparts (a Vietnik congressional candidate) berated him for "betrayal" of the Left. . . . Bertrand Russell in Cairo last week rendered almost (but not quite) speechless at thought of LBJ. He is, he said "the worst President of the United States in history. . . . I don't know why they elected him." . . . In Paris, a group of American jazz musicians refused to go through with concert when informed it would not only be for civil rights but against the Vietnam war. . . . Dickson County (Tenn.) Medical Association has announced it will treat, free, any dependent of anyone fighting in Vietnam.

About the British elections: Harold Wilson's 65 new Labor MPs are youngish (37 average) and gently to left of party's center. . . . Julian Amery, former Conservative cabinet minister, who led opposition to oil sanctions on Rhodesia, lost his seat. . . . Polls in Britain missed the mark. Daily Telegraph was 9.8 per cent off; Gallup 4 per cent off; National Opinion Poll 2 per cent off (a deviation of 1.1 per cent is considered OK) . . . British bookies (who cleaned up) right now offering 2 to 1 odds on Labor five years hence. . . . British press reports insists Labor Government has contingency plans for armed invasion of Rhodesia. Two brigades would be flown to Rhodesia from army of the Rhine—in U.S. aircraft, say these reports. . . . Economist, which supported the Tories, ran a headline the day after: "Now Act Like a Government."

Good guys in the news: In NY former conservative congressmen Steve Derounian and John Pillion will be running again for seats they lost in 1964. . . . Martin McKneally, former national commander of American Legion, in GOP primary for Katharine St. George's old seat now held by Rep. John Dow. . . . Pennsylvanians excited over entry of conservative John A. Lafore Jr. into GOP primary against incumbent Rep. Richard Schweiker, conservative-turned-Liberal. . . . Not much chance of winning, but Anderson Carter is gallantly entering New Mexico senatorial race against Clinton Anderson in hopes contest will rebuild New Mexico Republican Party. Carter was one of original ("Suite 3505") Draft Goldwater group.

Bernie-Aux Ecoutes, Paris — Ben Roth Agency

". . . I'll be back soon, stop, signed Nkrumah!"

Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom footnote: Peking's official People's Daily News reports 160,000 Chinese writers, artists and musicians have been sent to farms and factories in past eighteen months to "remold their thinking." . . . Latest Warsaw witticism on the subject: "In the more liberal Communist countries there is freedom of speech. In the West there is freedom even after the speech."

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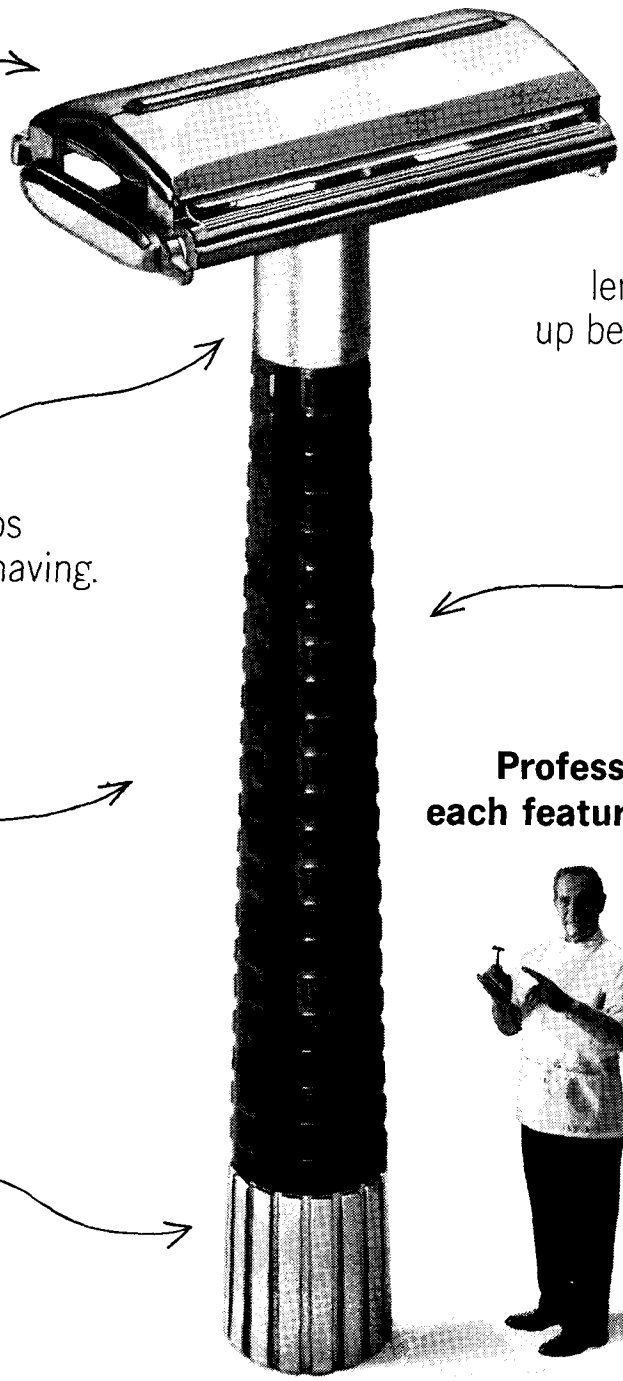

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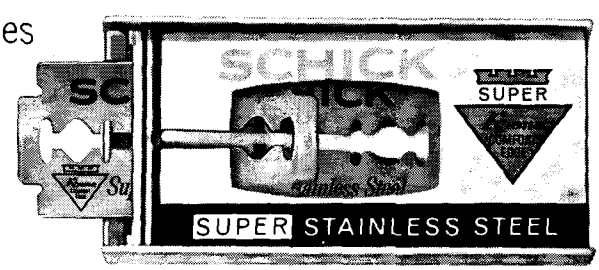

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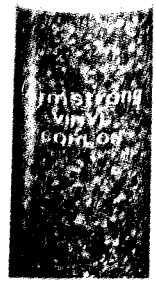

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